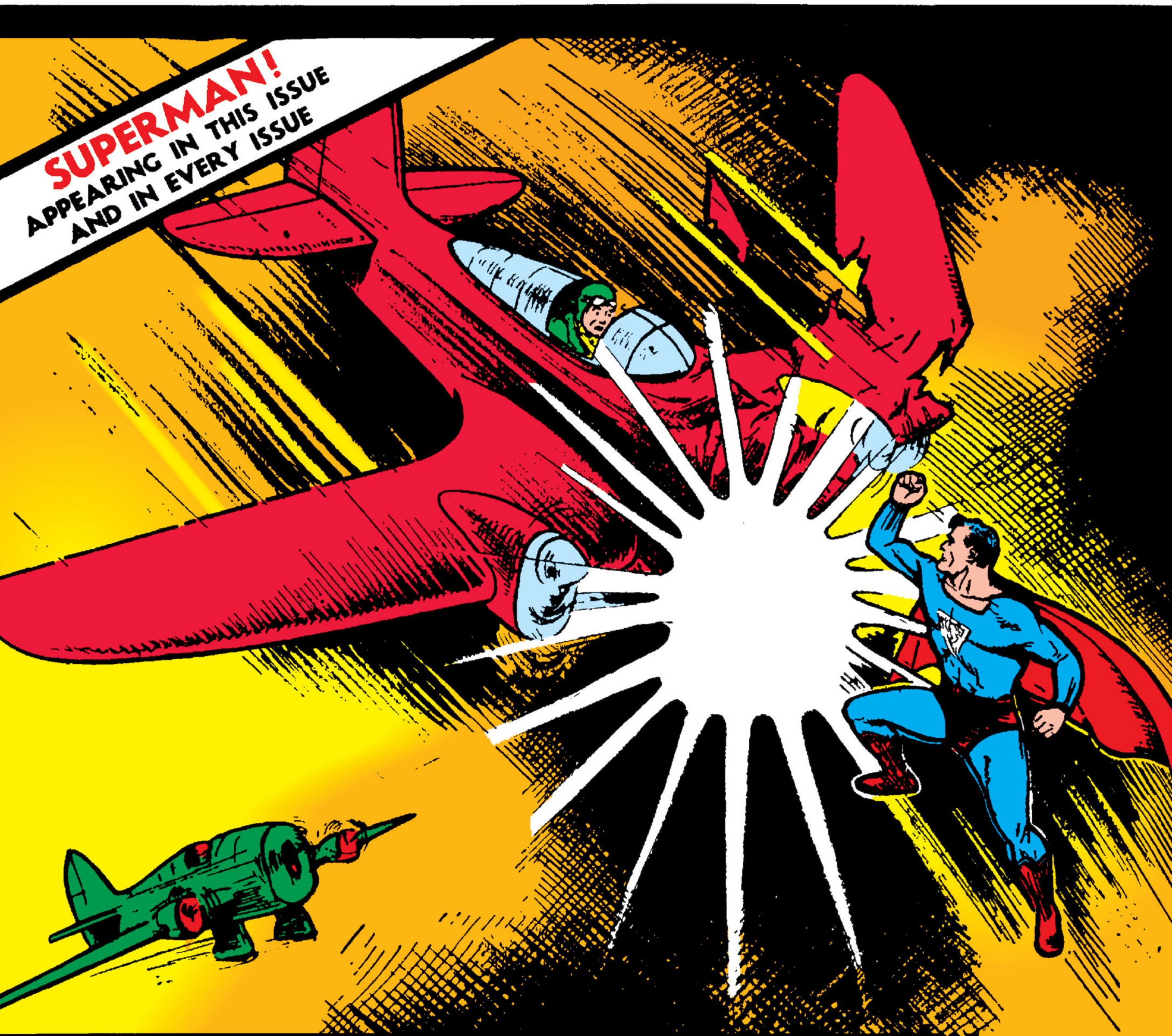
No. 10 MARCH, 1939

ACTION COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT HEIGHTS AND DISTANCES, LIFTING AND SMASHING TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN--THESE ARE THE AMAZING PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES WHICH *SUPERMAN*, SAVIOR OF THE HELPLESS AND OPPRESSED, AVAILS HIMSELF OF AS HE BATTLES THE FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

1

EDITOR, THE DAILY STAR? SEND A REPORTER TO 18 HOGAN STREET AND HE'LL RECEIVE A STORY THAT'LL MAKE THE HEADLINES!

2

PROBABLY JUST A CRANK. BUT LOOK INTO IT, KENT.

MOST LIKELY, THERE WILL BE NO SUCH ADDRESS!

3

SOMEONE CALLED THE DAILY STAR. THEY SAID. . .

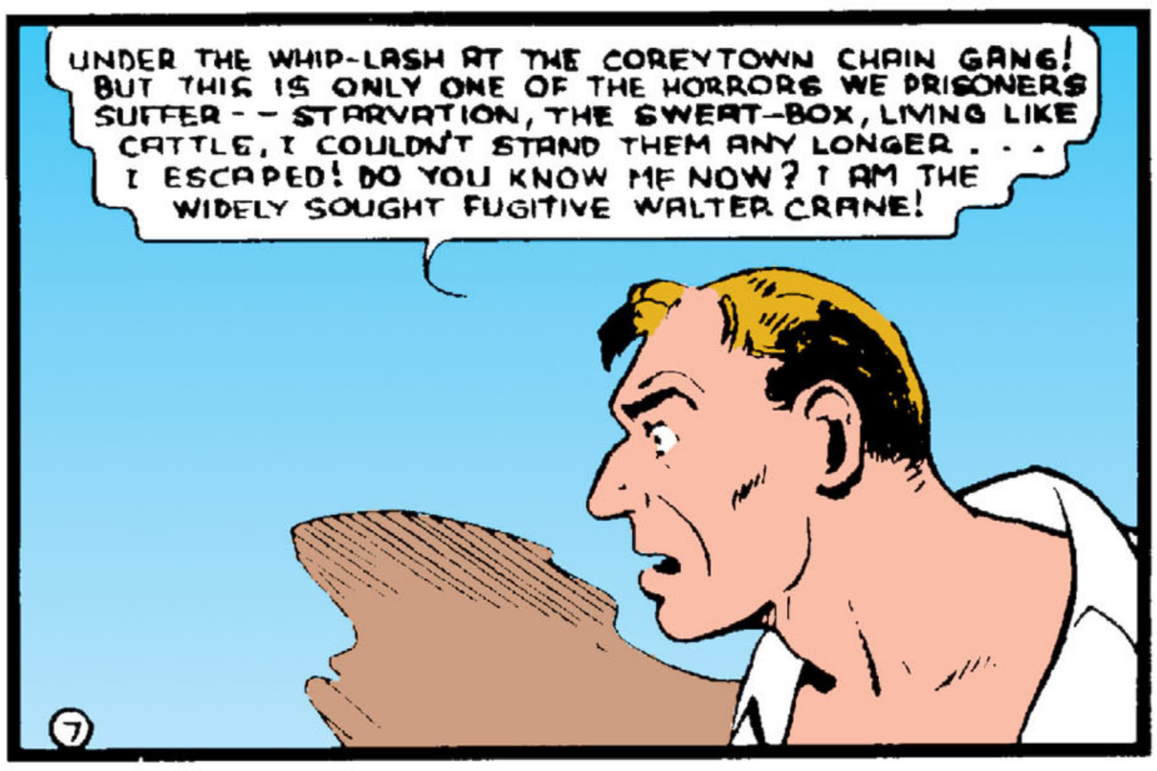
IT WAS ME. STEP IN QUICKLY!

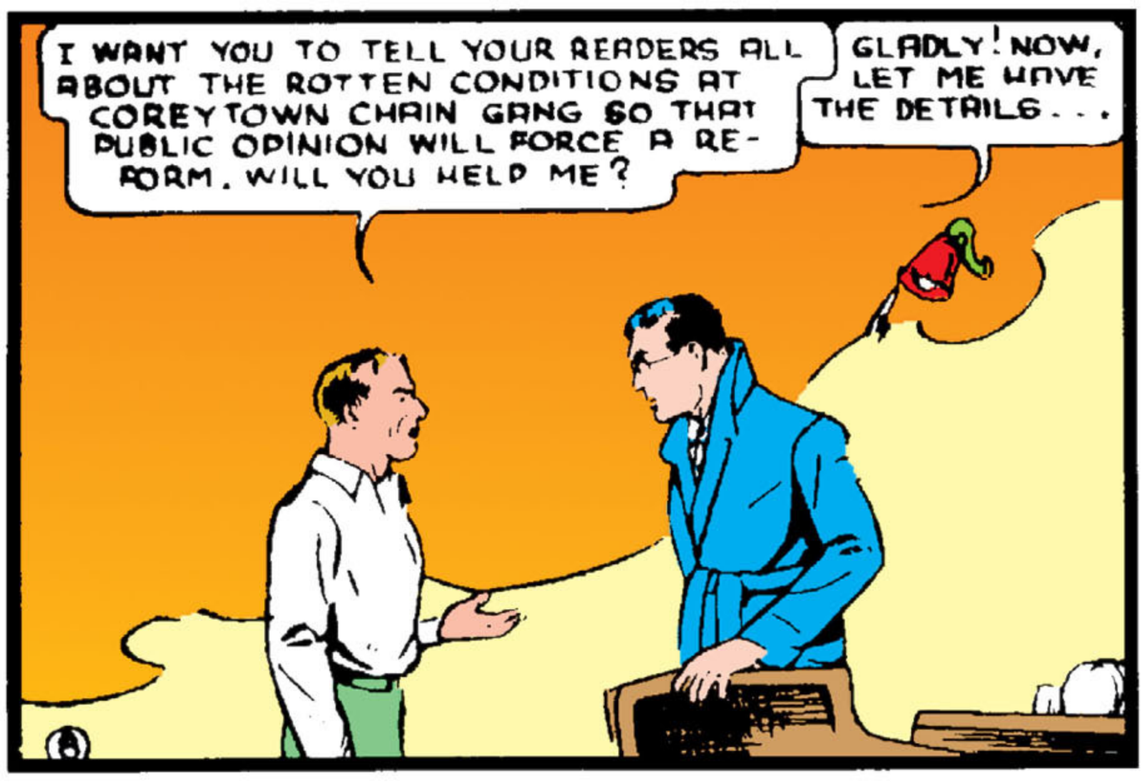
4

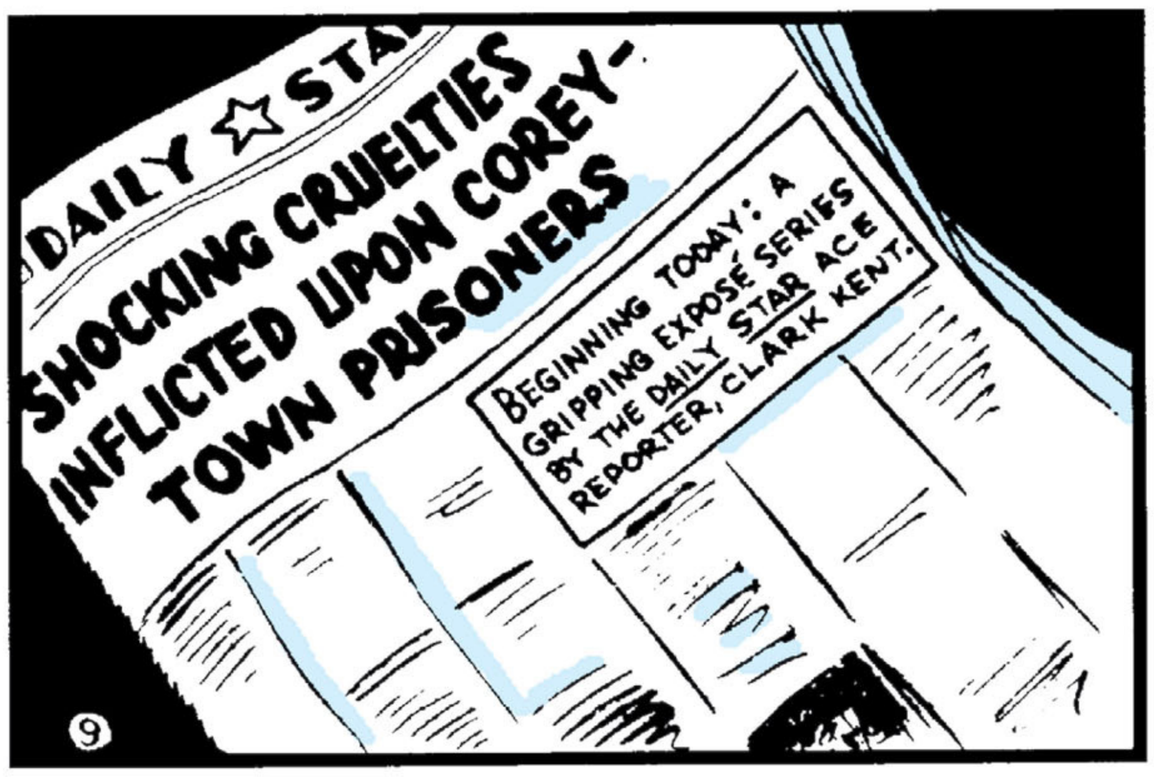
I HAVE A STORY TO TELL THAT THE WORLD MUST KNOW, A STORY OF TERROR, CRUELTY, AND SHOCKING BRUTALITY. - BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE YOUR WORD THAT YOU WILL NOT REVEAL MY IDENTITY.

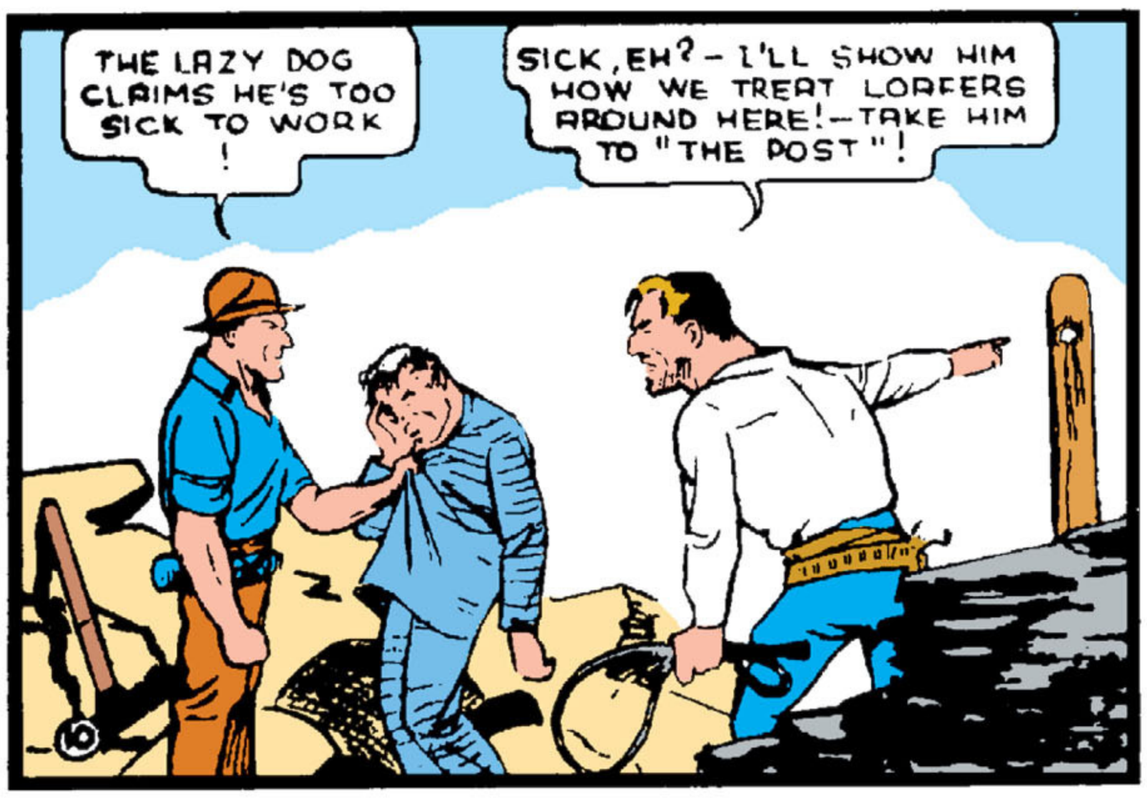
YOU HAVE MY PLEDGE AS A REPORTER!

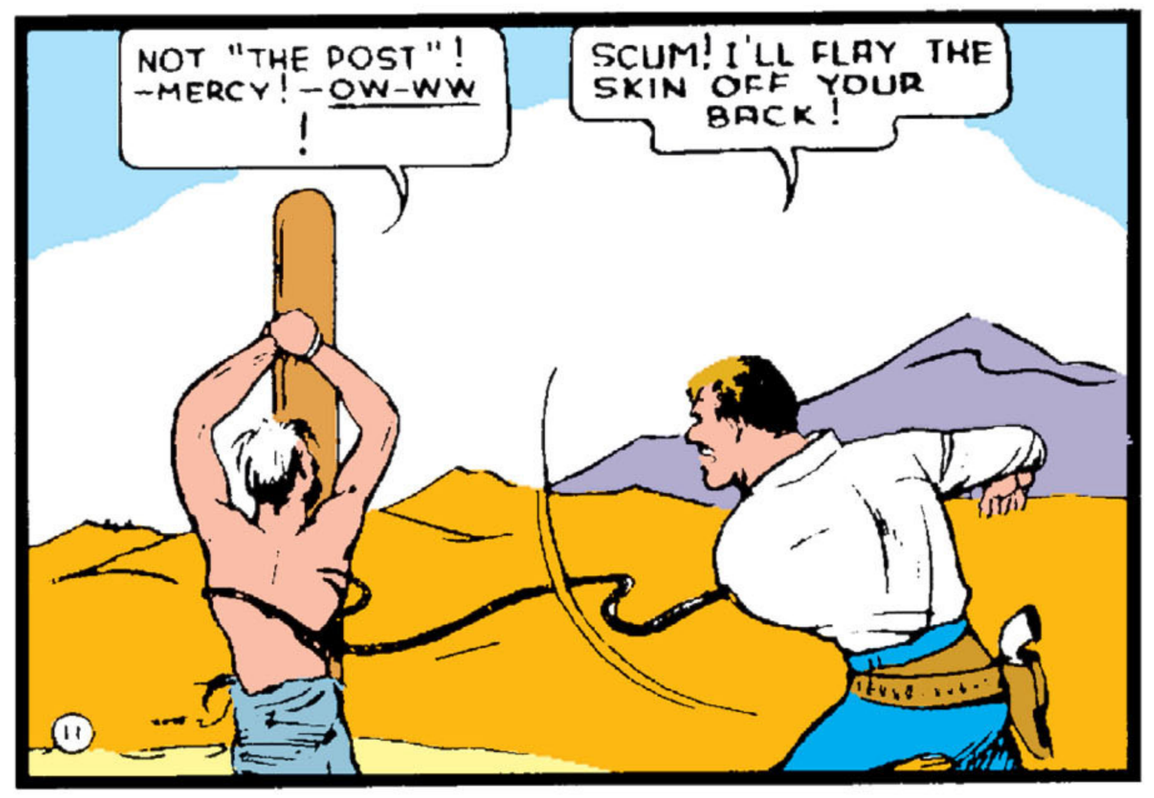
I REMOVE MY SHIRT--WHAT DO YOU SEE?
WELTS!-GOOD LORD! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM ?
6

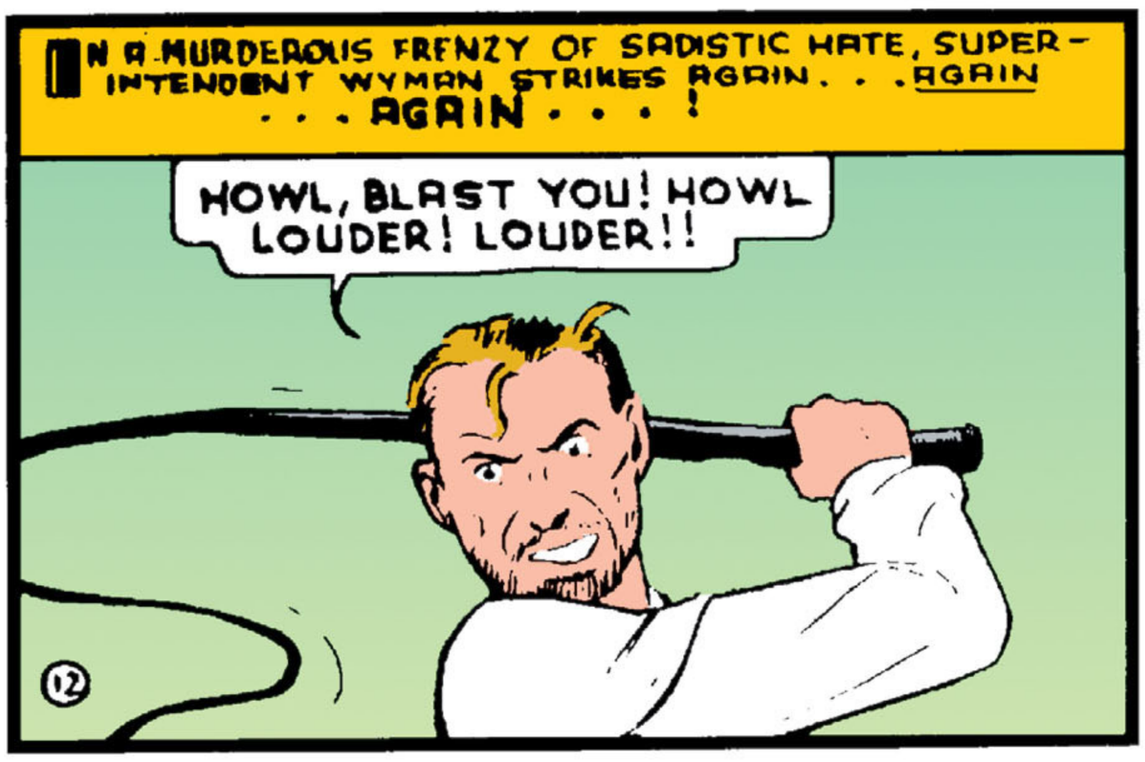

UNDER THE WHIP-LASH AT THE COREYTOWN CHAIN GANG! BUT THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE HORRORS WE PRISONERS SUFFER--STARVATION, THE SWEAT-BOX, LIVING LIKE CATTLE, I COULDN'T STAND THEM ANY LONGER . . . I ESCAPED! DO YOU KNOW ME NOW? I AM THE WIDELY SOUGHT FUGITIVE WALTER CRANE!
7

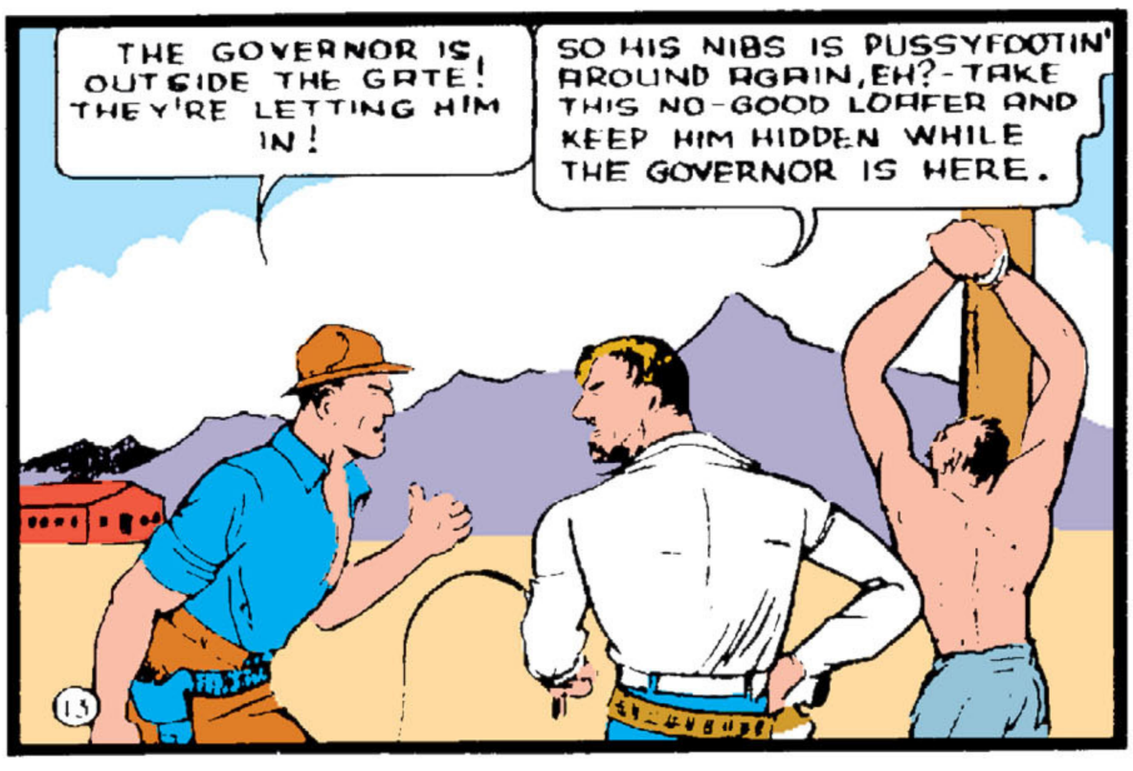

I WANT YOU TO TELL YOUR READERS ALL ABOUT THE ROTTEN CONDITIONS AT COREYTOWN CHAIN GANG SO THAT PUBLIC OPINION WILL FORCE A REFORM. WILL YOU HELP ME?
GLADLY! NOW, LET ME HAVE THE DETAILS . . .
8

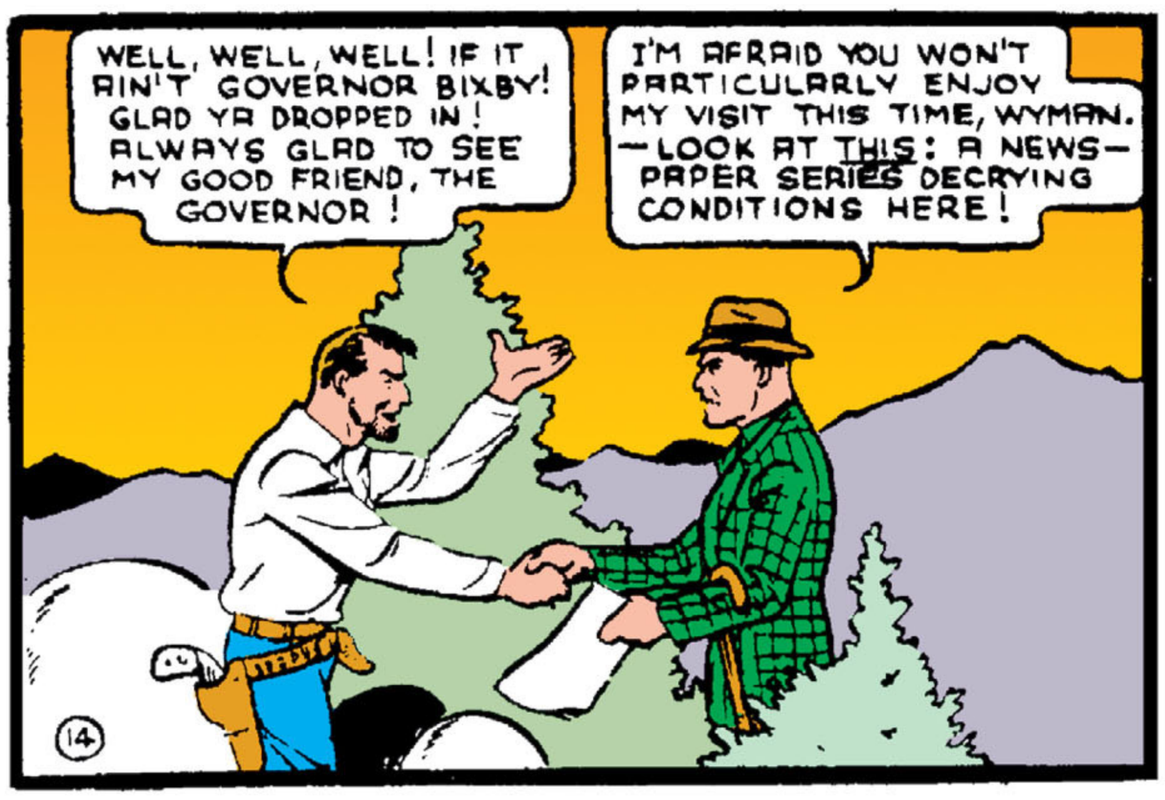

DAILY ☆ STAR
SHOCKING CRUELTIES INFLICTED UPON COREY-TOWN PRISONERS
BEGINNING TODAY: A GRIPPING EXPOSÉ SERIES BY THE DAILY STAR ACE REPORTER, CLARK KENT.
9


THE LAZY DOG CLAIMS HE'S TOO SICK TO WORK !
SICK, EH?-I'LL SHOW HIM HOW WE TREAT LOAFERS AROUND HERE!-TAKE HIM TO "THE POST"!
10

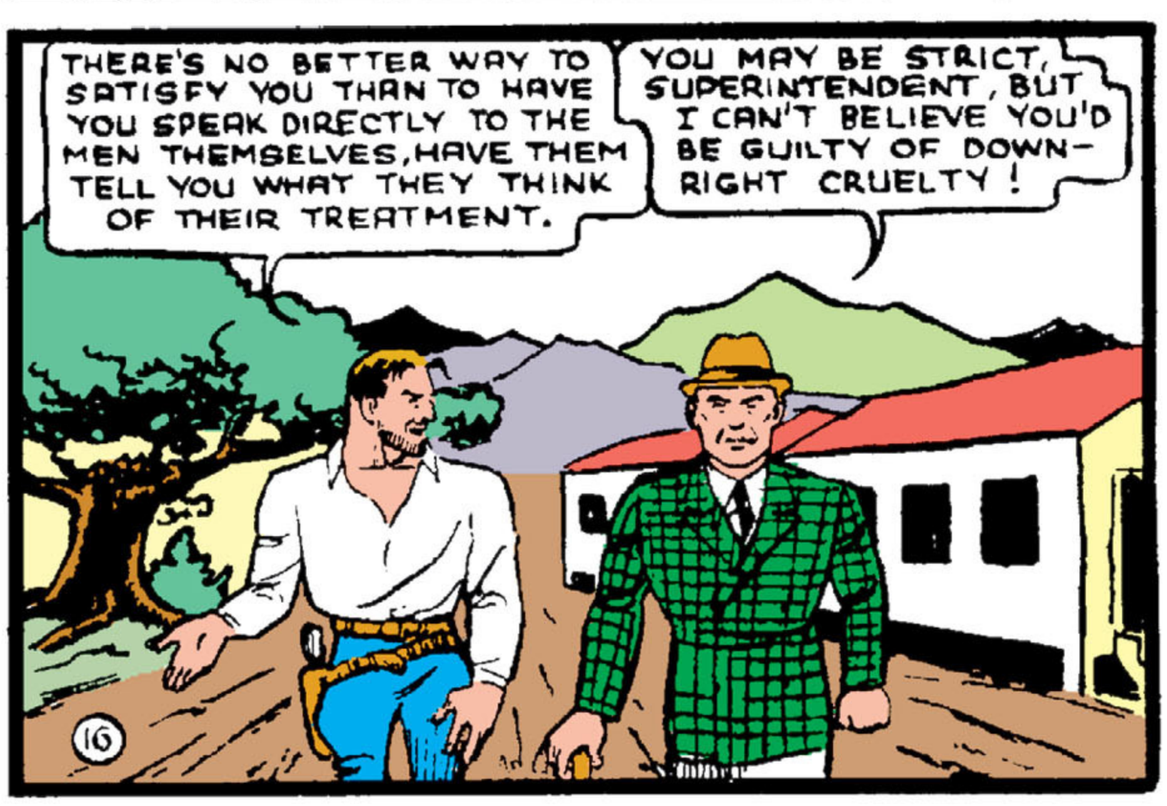

NOT "THE POST"! -MERCY!-OW-WW !
SCUM! I'LL FLAY THE SKIN OFF YOUR BACK!
11

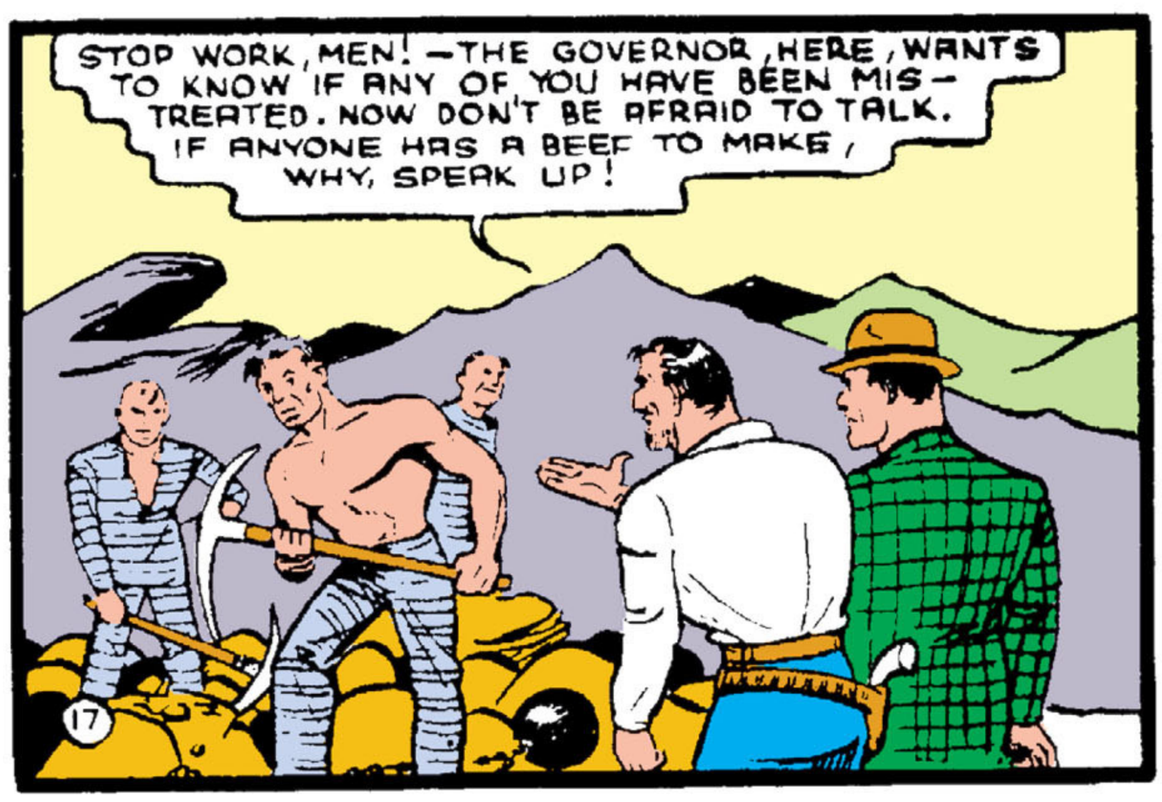

IN A MURDEROUS FRENZY OF SADISTIC HATE, SUPERINTENDENT WYMAN STRIKES AGAIN . . . AGAIN . . . AGAIN . . . !
HOWL, BLAST YOU! HOWL LOUDER! LOUDER!!
12

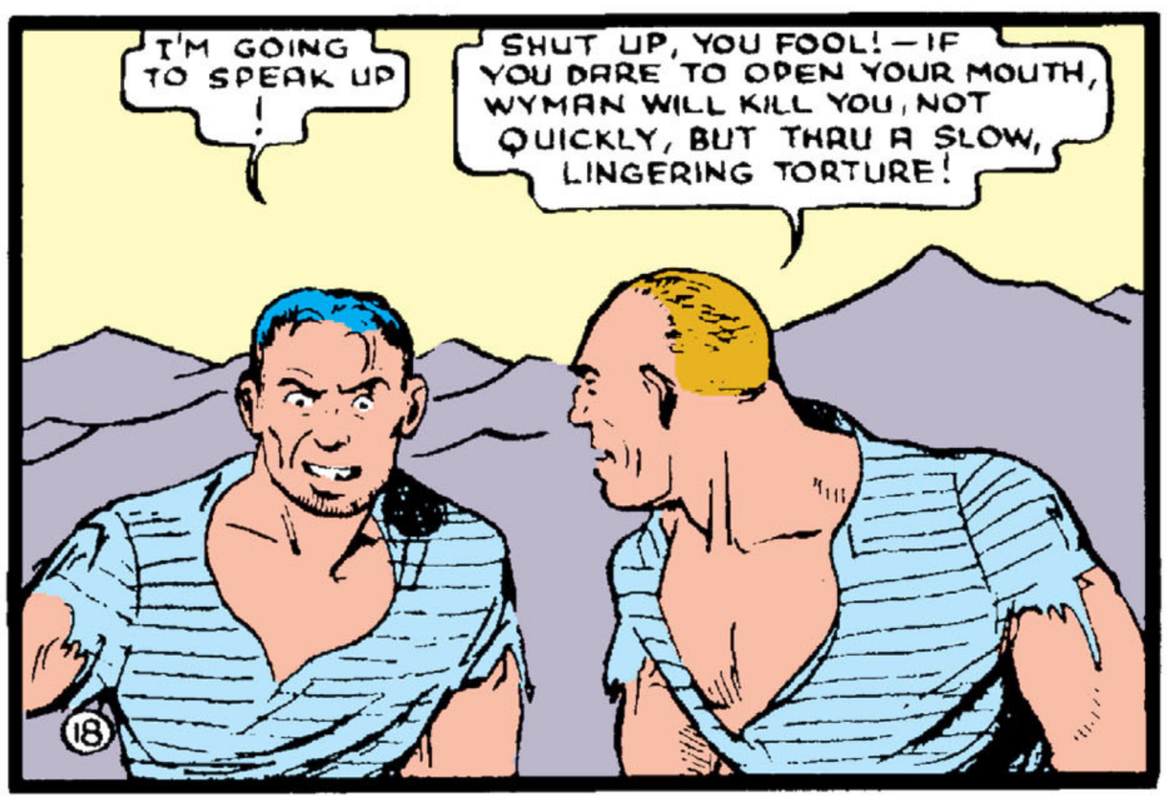

THE GOVERNOR IS OUTSIDE THE GATE! THEY'RE LETTING HIM IN!
SO HIS NIBS IS PUSSYFOOTIN' AROUND AGAIN, EH?-TAKE THIS NO-GOOD LOAFER AND KEEP HIM HIDDEN WHILE THE GOVERNOR IS HERE.
13

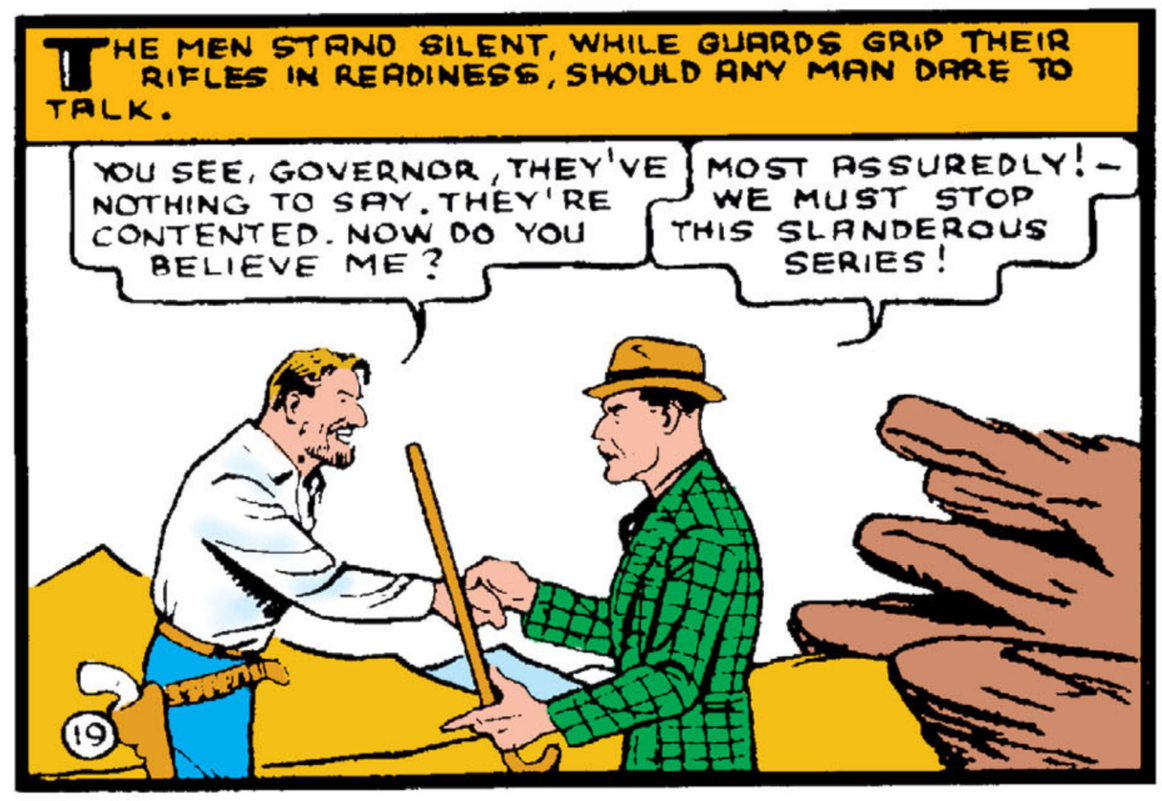

WELL, WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T GOVERNOR BIXBY! GLAD YA DROPPED IN! ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE MY GOOD FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR!
I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T PARTICULARLY ENJOY MY VISIT THIS TIME, WYMAN. —LOOK AT THIS: A NEWS-PAPER SERIES DECRYING CONDITIONS HERE!
14

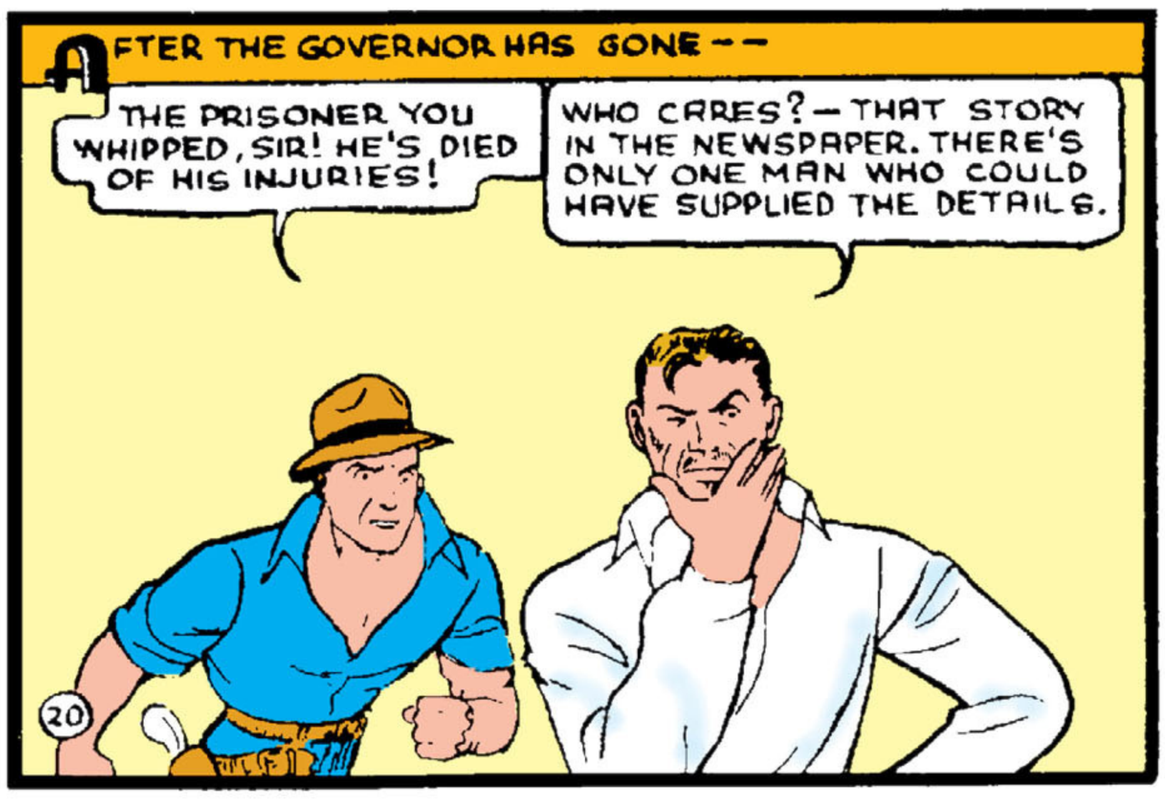
IT'S A BLASTED DIRTY LIE!!
IF I BELIEVED FOR ONE SECOND THAT IT WAS TRUE, BY HEAVENS, I'D . . . !
15

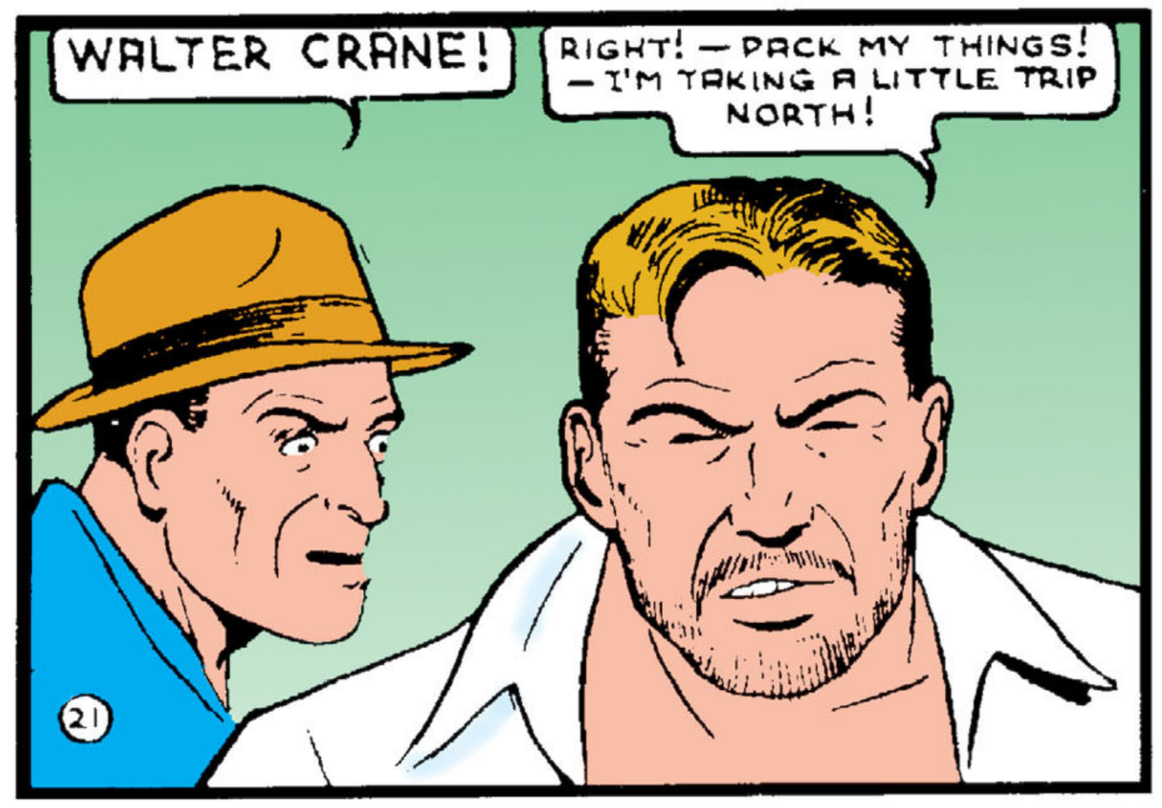

THERE'S NO BETTER WAY TO SATISFY YOU THAN TO HAVE YOU SPEAK DIRECTLY TO THE MEN THEMSELVES, HAVE THEM TELL YOU WHAT THEY THINK OF THEIR TREATMENT.
YOU MAY BE STRICT, SUPERINTENDENT, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D BE GUILTY OF DOWN-RIGHT CRUELTY!
16


STOP WORK, MEN! —THE GOVERNOR, HERE, WANTS TO KNOW IF ANY OF YOU HAVE BEEN MIS-TREATED. NOW DON'T BE AFRAID TO TALK. IF ANYONE HAS A BEEF TO MAKE, WHY, SPEAK UP!
17


I'M GOING TO SPEAK UP!
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! —IF YOU DARE TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH, WYMAN WILL KILL YOU, NOT QUICKLY, BUT THRU A SLOW, LINGERING TORTURE!
18


THE MEN STAND SILENT, WHILE GUARDS GRIP THEIR RIFLES IN READINESS, SHOULD ANY MAN DARE TO TALK.
YOU SEE, GOVERNOR, THEY'VE NOTHING TO SAY. THEY'RE CONTENTED. NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?
MOST ASSUREDLY! — WE MUST STOP THIS SLANDEROUS SERIES!
19


AFTER THE GOVERNOR HAS GONE --
THE PRISONER YOU WHIPPED, SIR! HE'S DIED OF HIS INJURIES!
WHO CARES? — THAT STORY IN THE NEWSPAPER. THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD HAVE SUPPLIED THE DETAILS.
20


WALTER CRANE!
RIGHT! — PACK MY THINGS! — I'M TAKING A LITTLE TRIP NORTH!
21

TWO DAYS LATER-EDITOR'S OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR . . .

THIS STORY YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING ABOUT ME IS LI-BELOUS! I DEMAND A RE-TRACTION AND APOLOGY!

SORRY. WE SECURED OUR INFORMATION FROM AN AUTHORITATIVE SOURCE. IF YOU WANT TO SUE, GO RIGHT AHEAD. IT WILL MAKE A GOOD STORY FOR OUR PAPER.

22

I WANT TO TALK TO THIS WISE GUY, CLARK KENT, WHO WRITES THESE LIES!

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED. --KENT, WILL YOU PLEASE STEP INTO MY OFFICE.

23

CLARK, MEET SUPERINTENDENT WYMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE A MUCH MALIGNED MAN. - IT APPEARS HE RESENTS YOUR ARTICLE PERTAINING TO HIS CHAIN GANG.

SUPERINTENDENT WYMAN!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU LYING SKUNK!

24

LYING? THAT'S NOT TRUE. I--

IF YOU DIDN'T MAKE UP THOSE STORIES OUT OF YOUR OWN HEAD, WHERE DID YOU GET THEM? I'VE A RIGHT TO KNOW!

25

I -UH - I - YOU SEE - WELL, I GOT THEM FROM - - DASH IT, I CAN'T TELL YOU - -

26

IT HAPPENS TO BE A REPORTER'S CODE NEVER TO REVEAL HIS SOURCE OF INFORMATION IF PLEDGED NOT TO DO SO.

WELL, I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO THE STOOLIE IS: **WALTER CRANE!** -ANSWER ME! IT IS HIM, ISN'T IT?

I-- UH--

27

MR. KENT! I DON'T LIKE TO BE CRUDE, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO REALIZE THAT HARBORING A FUGITIVE CRIMINAL MAKES YOU AN ACCESSORY TO THE FACT? DO YOU REALIZE THAT IF YOU DON'T REVEAL CRANE'S HIDING PLACE YOU WILL BE EQUALLY GUILTY, AND FACE A JAIL SENTENCE?

28

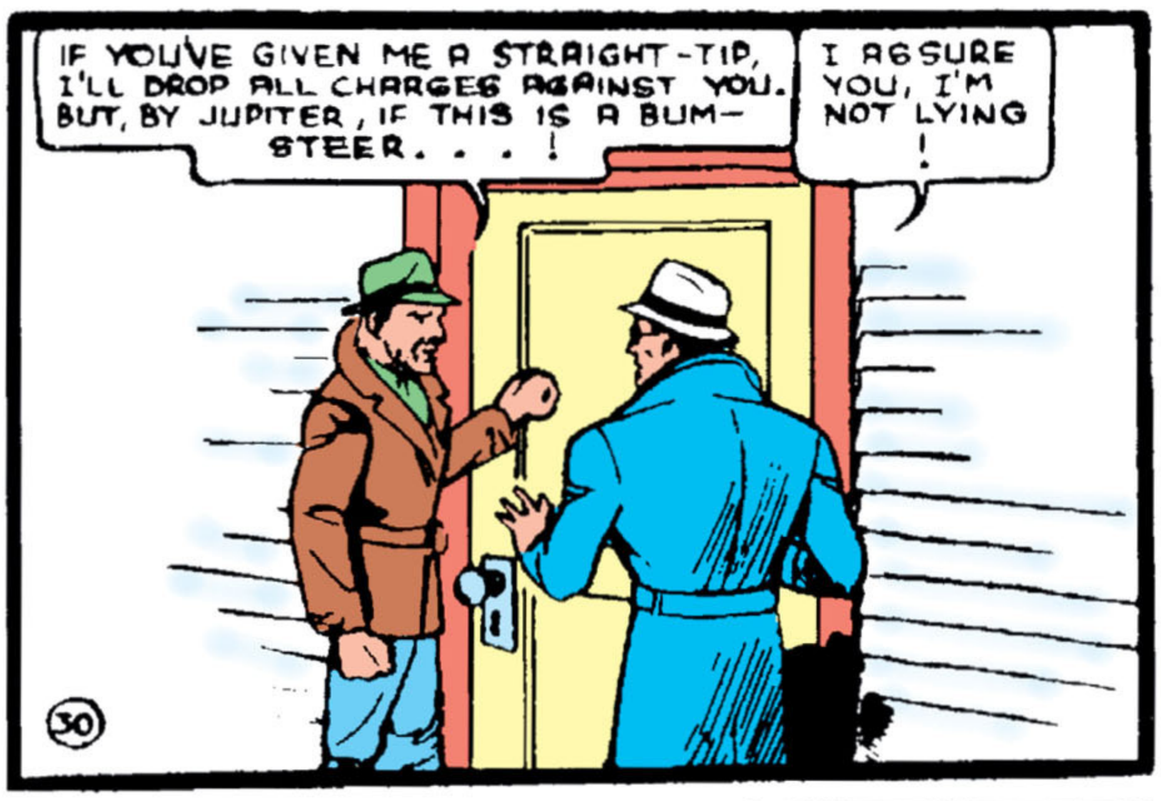
KEEPING TO HIS ADOPTED ATTITUDE OF COWARDLINESS, KENT FRANTICALLY BLURTS OUT - -

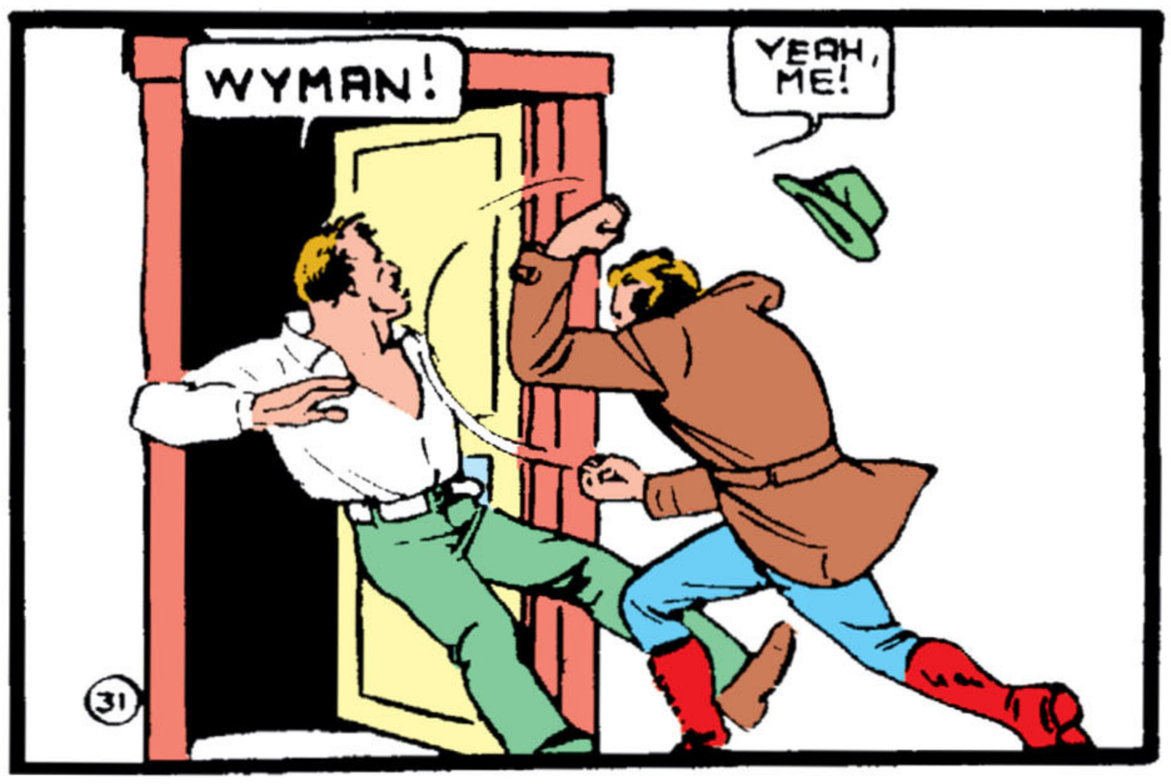
HE'S STAYING AT 18 HOGAN STREET! - DON'T PROSECUTE ME! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

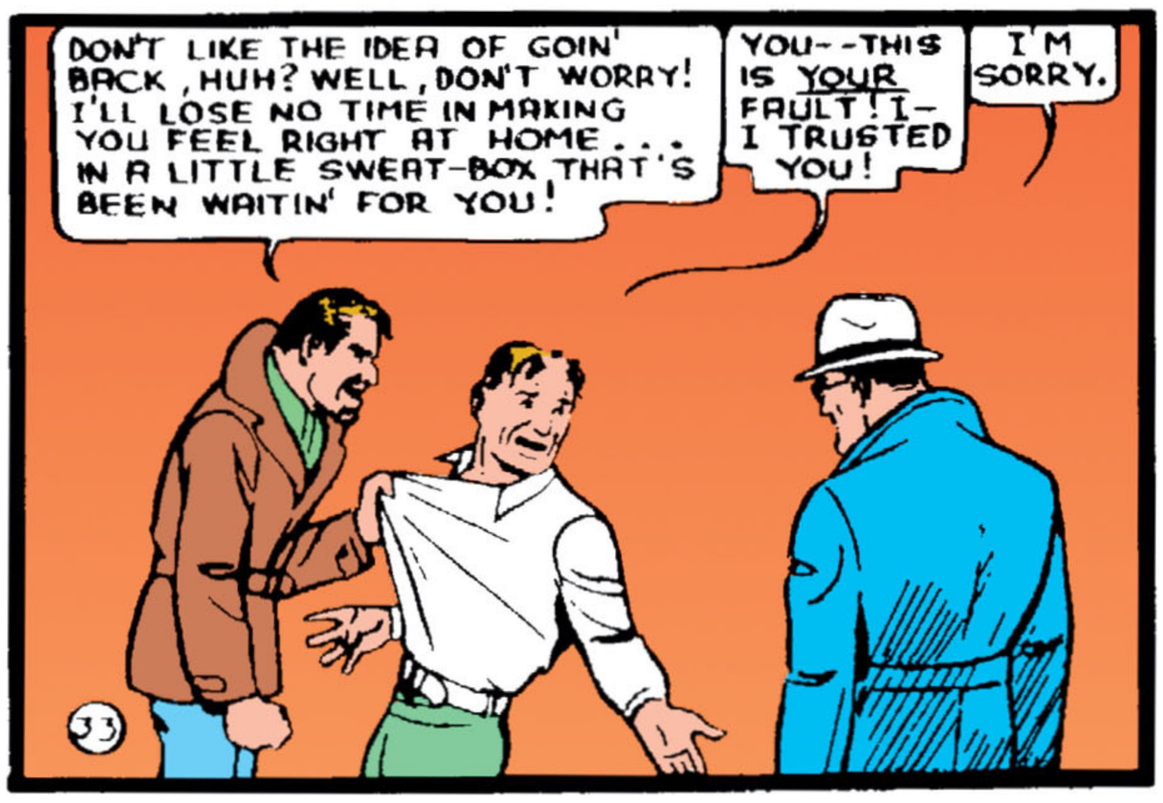
KENT!

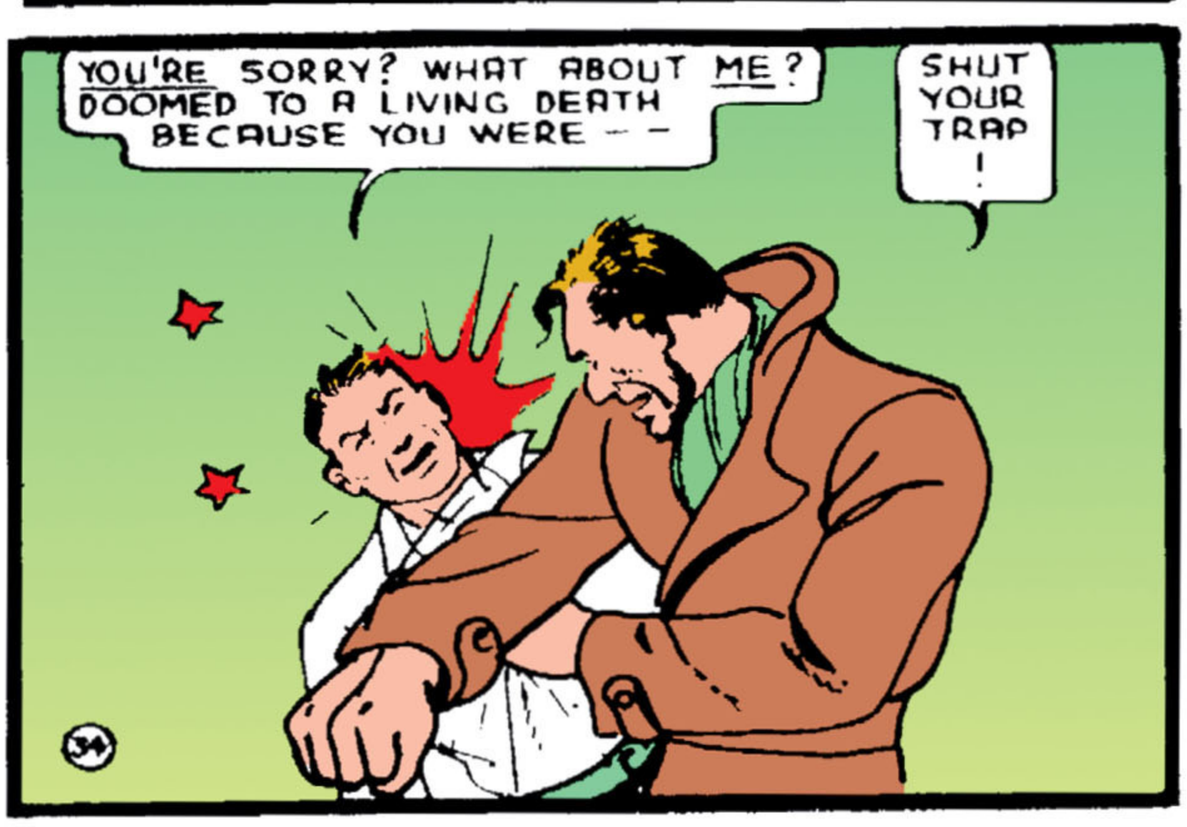
29

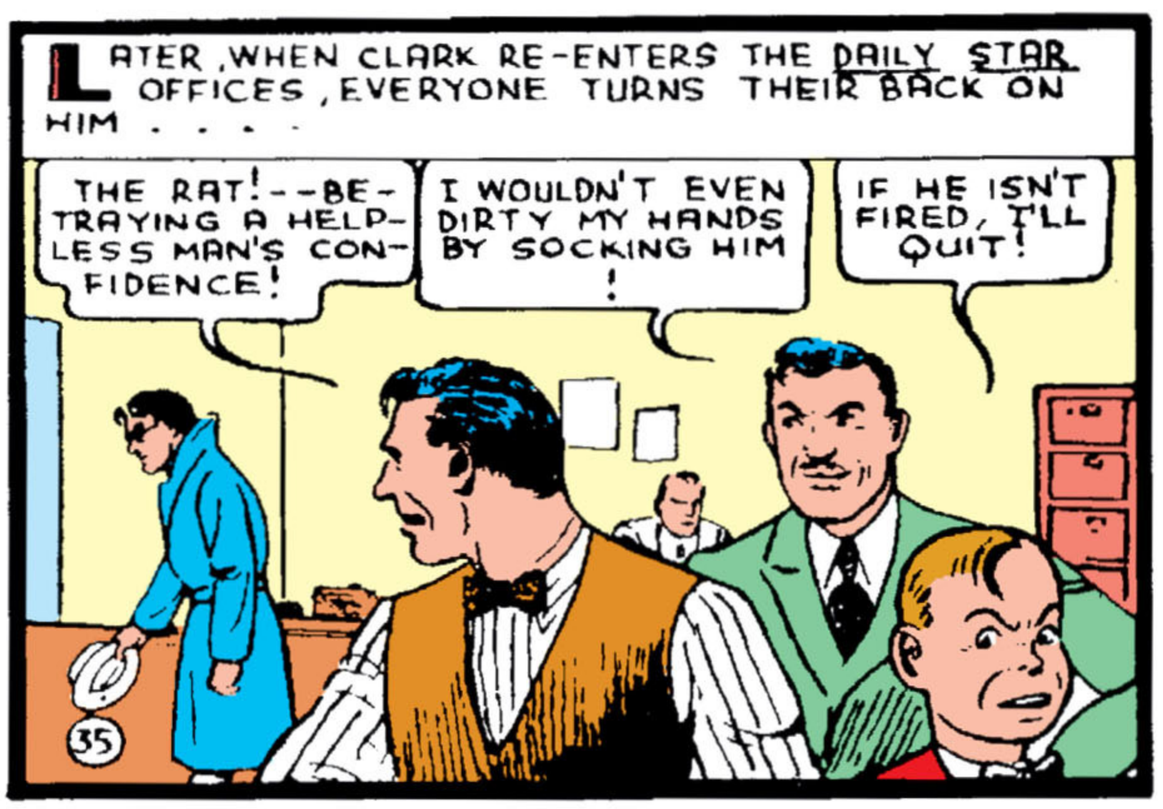

IF YOU'VE GIVEN ME A STRAIGHT-TIP, I'LL DROP ALL CHARGES AGAINST YOU. BUT, BY JUPITER, IF THIS IS A BUM-STEER. . . !
I ASSURE YOU, I'M NOT LYING !
30

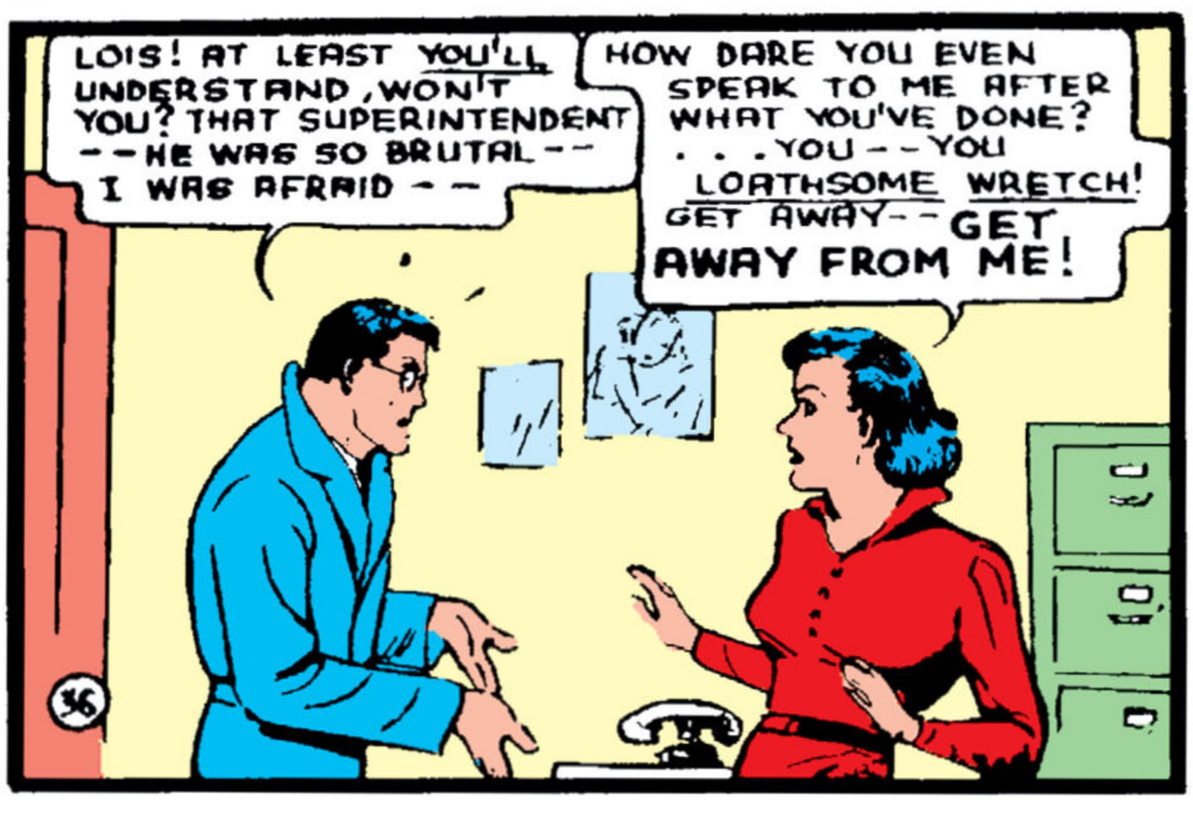

WYMAN!
YEAH, ME!
31

THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE, EH? THOUGHT YOU'D SMEAR ME ALL OVER THE PAPERS? YOU SCUM! WHEN I GET YOU BACK TO COREY-TOWN . . .
NO! NO! - NOT THE CHAIN GANG!
32


DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF GOIN' BACK, HUH? WELL, DON'T WORRY! I'LL LOSE NO TIME IN MAKING YOU FEEL RIGHT AT HOME . . . IN A LITTLE SWEAT-BOX THAT'S BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU!
YOU--THIS IS YOUR FAULT! I-I TRUSTED YOU!
I'M SORRY.
33

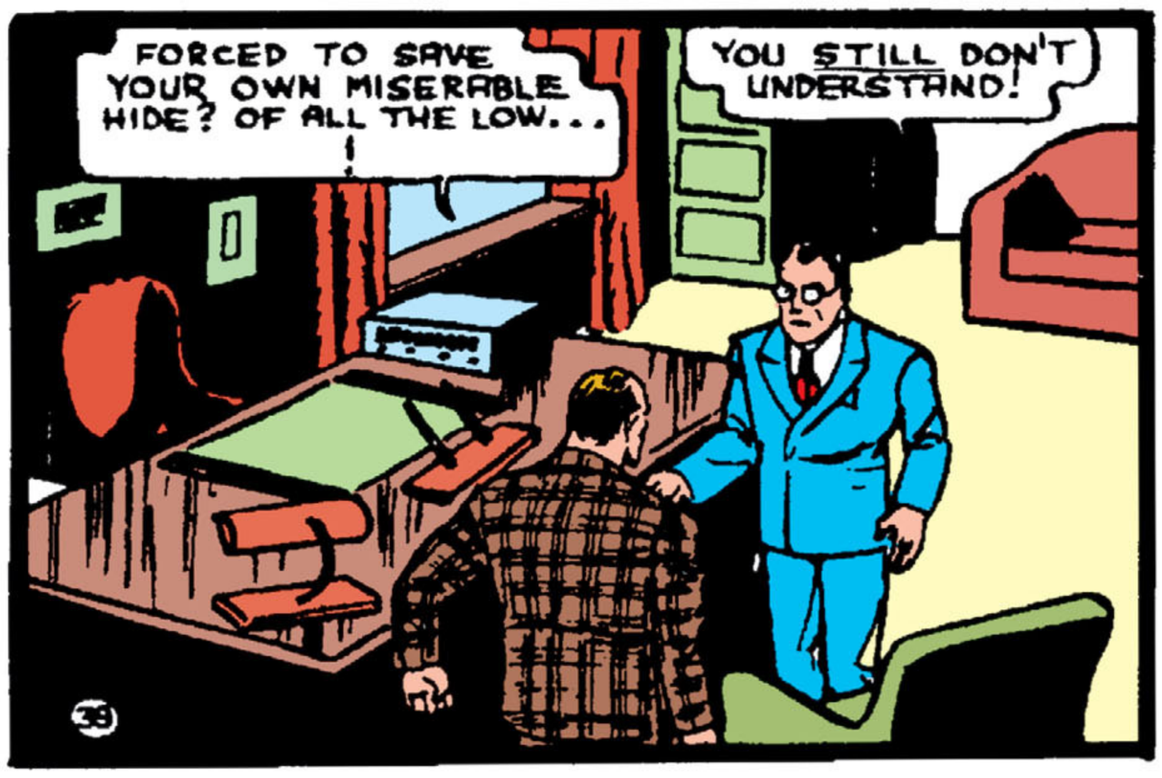

YOU'RE SORRY? WHAT ABOUT ME? DOOMED TO A LIVING DEATH BECAUSE YOU WERE --
SHUT YOUR TRAP !
34

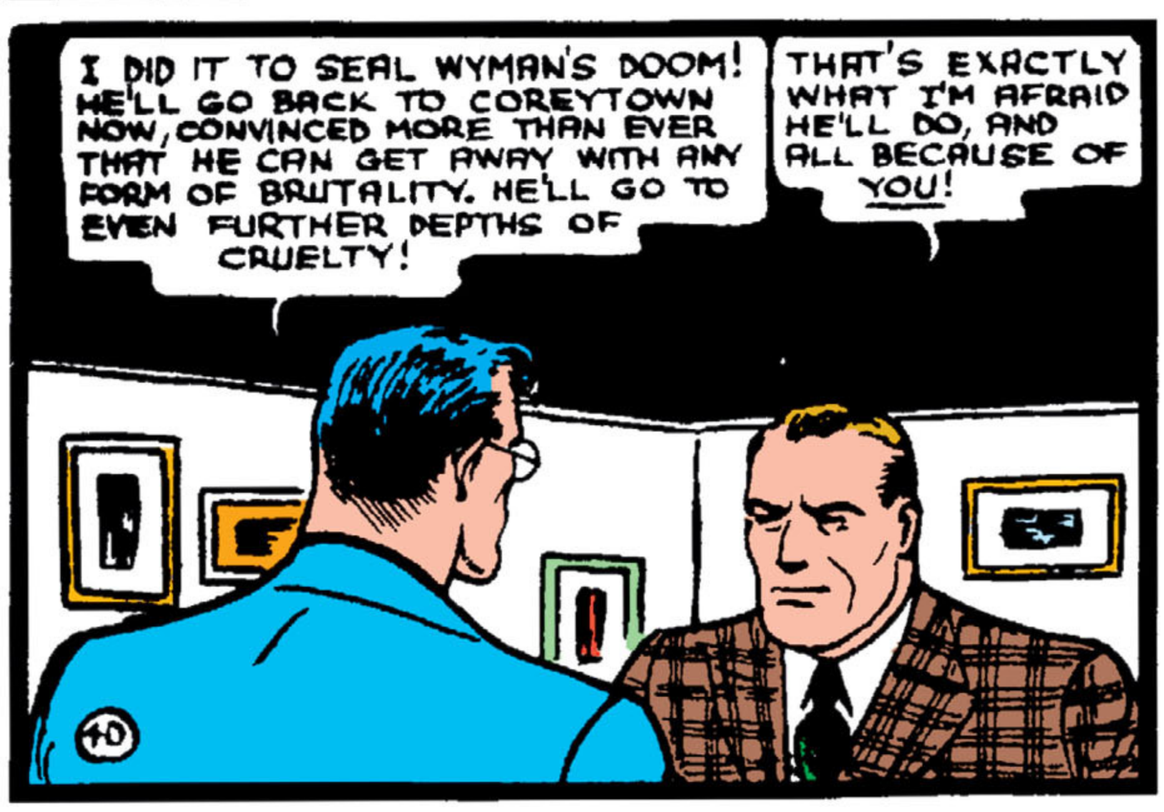

LATER, WHEN CLARK RE-ENTERS THE DAILY STAR OFFICES, EVERYONE TURNS THEIR BACK ON HIM . . . .
THE RAT!--BE-TRAYING A HELP-LESS MAN'S CON-FIDENCE!
I WOULDN'T EVEN DIRTY MY HANDS BY SOCKING HIM !
IF HE ISN'T FIRED, I'LL QUIT!
35

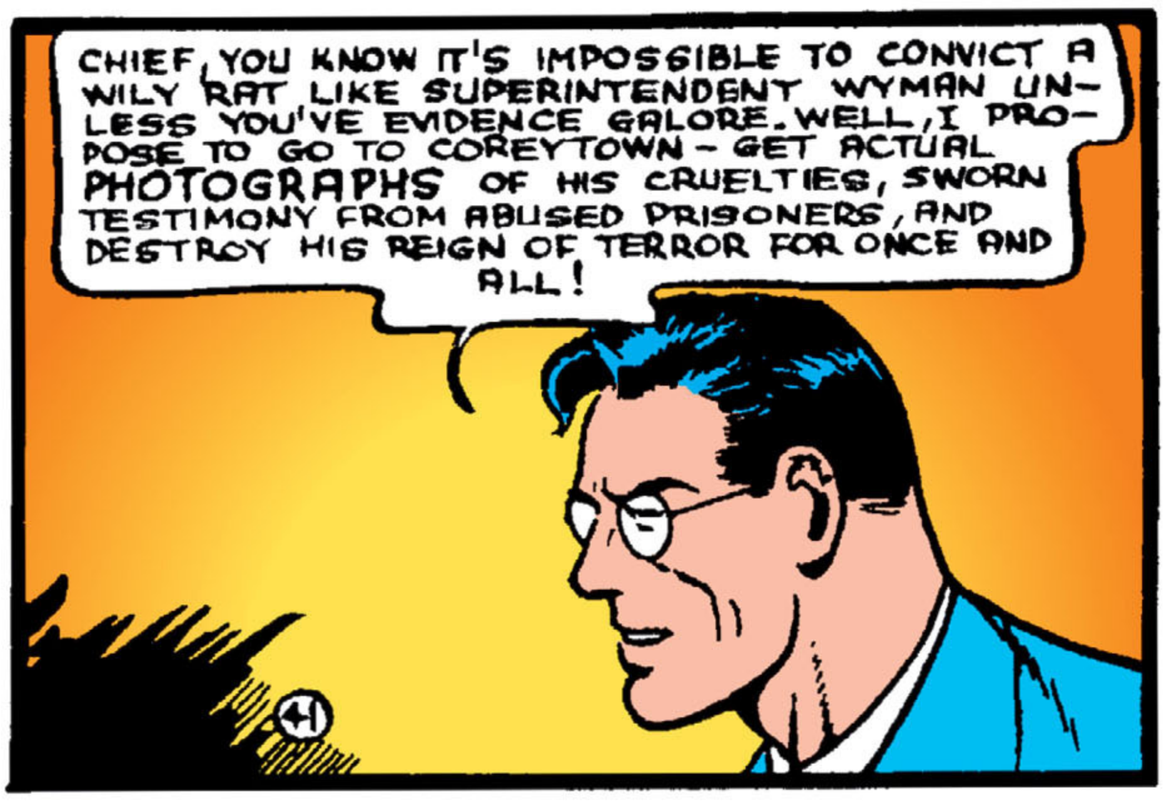

LOIS! AT LEAST YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, WON'T YOU? THAT SUPERINTENDENT --HE WAS SO BRUTAL-- I WAS AFRAID - -
HOW DARE YOU EVEN SPEAK TO ME AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE? . . . YOU--YOU LOATHSOME WRETCH! GET AWAY--GET AWAY FROM ME!
36

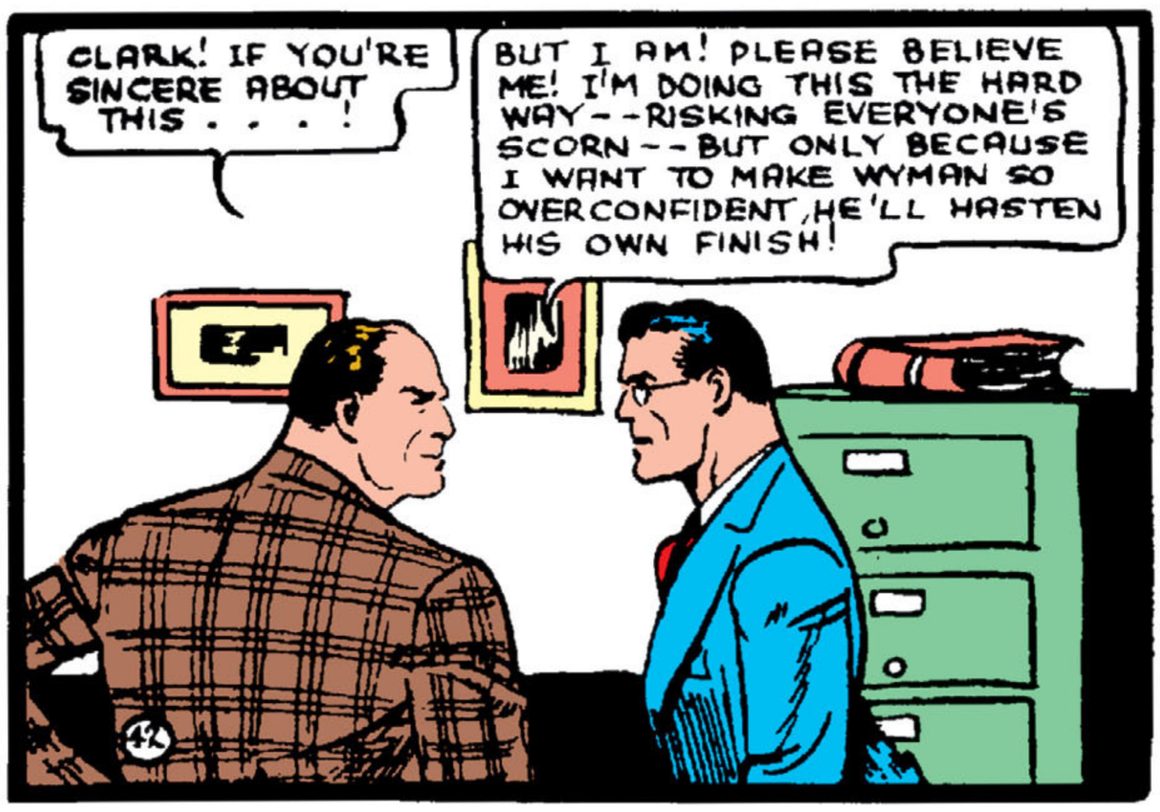
KENT! YOU-- BACK? I OUGHT TO . . . !
WAIT, CHIEF! LET ME EX-PLAIN!
37

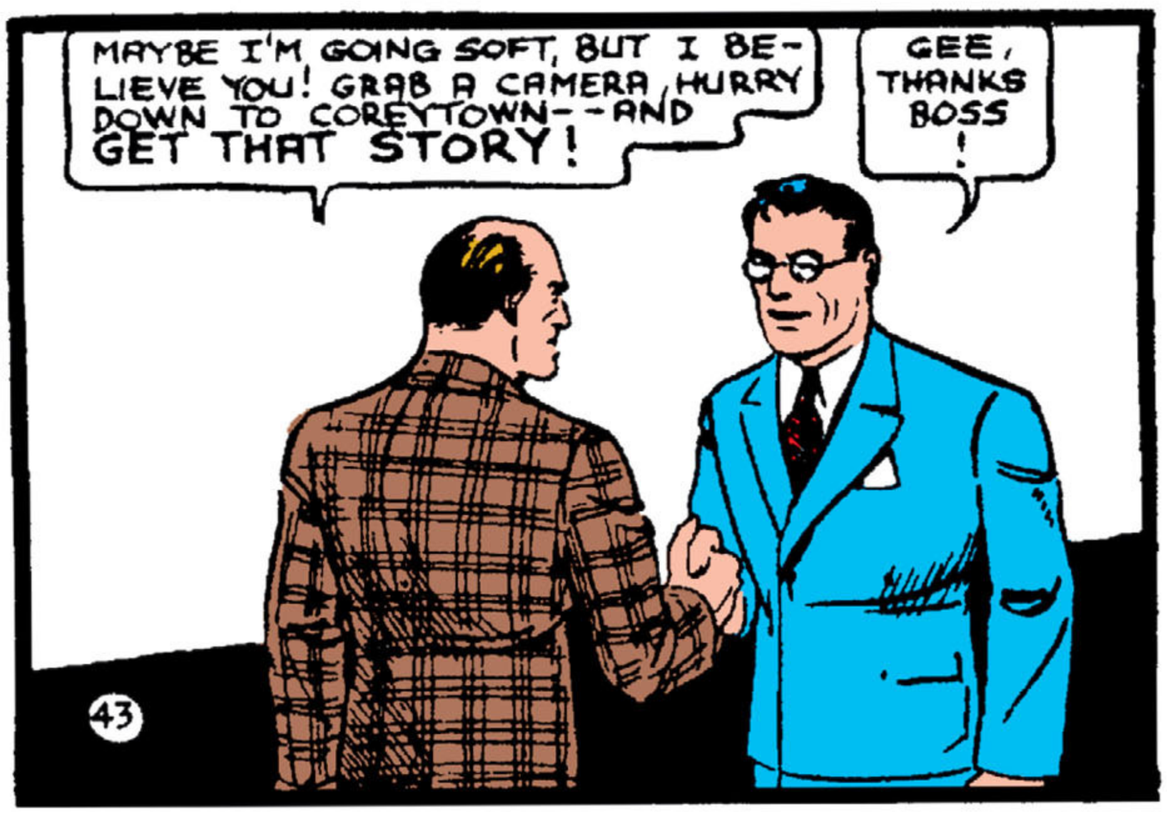
WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY SAY THAT CAN JUSTIFY YOUR BETRAYAL OF CRANE'S TRUST IN YOUR INTEGRITY AS A REPORTER ?
CAN'T YOU SEE? I HATED TO DO IT . . . I DIDN'T WANT TO BETRAY HIM . . . BUT I WAS FORCED TO!
38

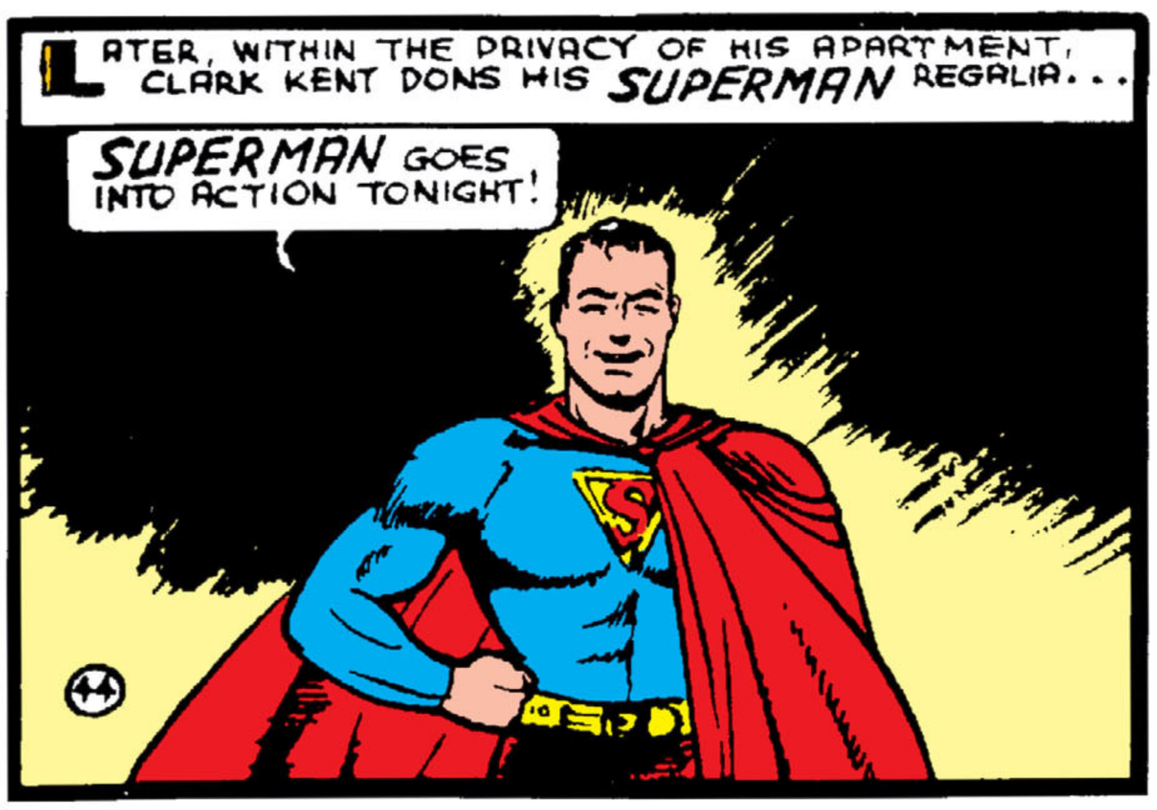

FORCED TO SAVE YOUR OWN MISERABLE HIDE? OF ALL THE LOW...
YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!
39

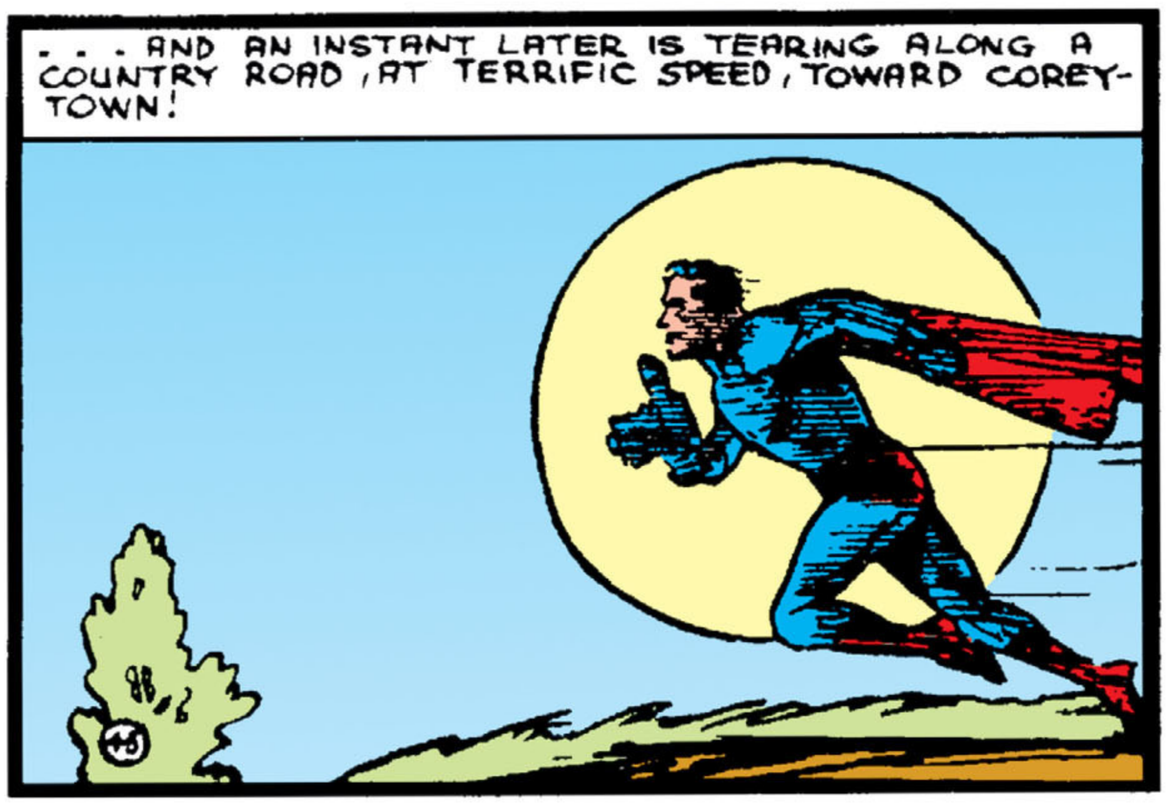

I DID IT TO SEAL WYMAN'S DOOM! HE'LL GO BACK TO COREYTOWN NOW, CONVINCED MORE THAN EVER THAT HE CAN GET AWAY WITH ANY FORM OF BRUTALITY. HE'LL GO TO EVEN FURTHER DEPTHS OF CRUELTY!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M AFRAID HE'LL DO, AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!
40


CHIEF, YOU KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CONVICT A WILY RAT LIKE SUPERINTENDENT WYMAN UNLESS YOU'VE EVIDENCE GALORE. WELL, I PROPOSE TO GO TO COREYTOWN - GET ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS CRUELTIES, SWORN TESTIMONY FROM ABUSED PRISONERS, AND DESTROY HIS REIGN OF TERROR FOR ONCE AND ALL!
41


CLARK! IF YOU'RE SINCERE ABOUT THIS . . . !
BUT I AM! PLEASE BELIEVE ME! I'M DOING THIS THE HARD WAY--RISKING EVERYONE'S SCORN--BUT ONLY BECAUSE I WANT TO MAKE WYMAN SO OVERCONFIDENT, HE'LL HASTEN HIS OWN FINISH!
42


MAYBE I'M GOING SOFT, BUT I BELIEVE YOU! GRAB A CAMERA, HURRY DOWN TO COREYTOWN--AND GET THAT STORY!
GEE, THANKS BOSS !
43


LATER, WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF HIS APARTMENT, CLARK KENT DONS HIS SUPERMAN REGALIA...
SUPERMAN GOES INTO ACTION TONIGHT!


. . . AND AN INSTANT LATER IS TEARING ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD, AT TERRIFIC SPEED, TOWARD COREYTOWN!

NEXT MORNING. . . HAVING PURCHASED AN OLD SUIT AND AN EVEN MORE ANTIQUATED FLIVVER, *SUPERMAN* CARRIES OUT THE FIRST STEP IN HIS PLAN

HERE COMES WYMAN NOW!

46.

WHAM! -- THE DISGUISED *SUPERMAN* DELIBERATELY RAMS HIS CAR INTO THE SUPERINTENDENT'S BRAND NEW AUTO!

CRASH

47.

YOU COCKEYED DOPE! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE. . . !

HOLD ON! — IT WAS <u>YOUR</u> FAULT!

48.

<u>MY</u> FAULT! — YOU'RE LYING!

49.

ARREST THAT MAN! I CHARGE HIM WITH ASSAULT AND BATTERY AS WELL AS BAD DRIVING!

YES, SUPERINTENDENT!

LET HIM FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES!

50.

LATER IN THE COREYTOWN COURTROOM, WHERE JUSTICE IS A MOCKERY . . .

TOM DALY, I SENTENCE YOU TO SIX MONTHS ON THE CHAIN GANG!

ONLY SIX MONTHS? WHY, THAT'LL BE A SNAP, JUDGE OLD BOY!

FULL OF IMPUDENCE AND WISECRACKS, EH? — I'LL SOON HAVE THEM LASHED OUT OF YOU!

TSK, TSK! SUCH TALK!

51.

WHEN THE CHAIN GANG IS REACHED . . .

I'VE A SPECIAL TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU, ONLY! GUARDS, TAKE HIM TO THE STOCKS!

52

SHORTLY LATER --

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? IN A LITTLE WHILE YOUR BACK AND ARMS WILL ACHE UNBEARABLY!

IT COULD NEVER BE AS UNBEARABLE AS HAVING TO LOOK AT THAT UGLY PUSS OF YOURS

53.

AN HOUR PASSES. . .

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WRITHING AND PLEADING FOR MERCY LONG AGO.

THE MAN HAS THE RESISTANCE OF AN OX!

I HOPE YOU BOYS AREN'T TIRED OF STANDING!

54.

IT'S MIGHTY SWELL OF YOU TO LET ME SIT HERE NICE AND COZY WHILE ALL THE OTHERS ARE WORKING HARD. IS IT POSSIBLE, SUPERINTENDENT, THAT YOU'VE A SECRET LIKING FOR ME?

55.

LET HIM LOOSE AND PUT HIM TO WORK! AND WHEN I SAY *WORK* THAT'S EXACTY WHAT I MEAN!

56.

SUPERMAN IS LED TO WHERE THE OTHER PRISONERS LABOR LIKE BEASTS, BREAKING STONE..

THERE! NOW YOU'RE CHAINED WHERE YOU BELONG -- WITH THE REST OF THE RIFFRAFF!

57.

TAKE THIS SLEDGE AND HAVE THOSE ROCKS SMASHED IN HALF AN HOUR! GET ME?

58.

♫ WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK...

59

FIVE MINUTES LATER

LOAFING, EH? -- DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO SMASH THOSE ROCKS?

THEY'RE SMASHED -- THOROUGHLY, EFFICIENTLY AND *DEFINITELY*!

60.

STRONG GUY, HUH? -- IT WON'T TAKE LONG FOR US TO BREAK YOU OF *THAT*! YOU SEE THIS PILE? -- WELL IT'S *TWICE* AS *LARGE*! *GET TO WORK*!

RIGHTO!

61.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

PARDON ME, BUT COULD I HAVE SOME MORE ROCKS, PLEASE!

HOLY BLAZES! YOU'RE FINISHED! SAY, IF YOU KEEP GOING AT THIS PACE, WE SOON WON'T HAVE ANY ROCKS LEFT TO BUST!

62.

LATER -- SUPPER

ARE WE ACTUALLY SUPPOSED TO *EAT* THIS SLOP?

WE EAT IT OR STARVE!

63.

AFTER THE CONVICTS RETIRE FOR THE EVENING...

THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP!

64.

GUARD AT THE GATE! -- *HERE GOES!*

65.

SUPERMAN'S GREAT MUSCLES LAUNCH HIM NOISELESSLY OVER THE HEADS OF THE UNSUSPECTING GUARDS.

66.

SHORTLY LATER, HE IS STREAKING FULL TILT TOWARD COREYTOWN . . . .

67.

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER HE IS SPEEDING BACK TOWARD THE CHAIN GANG IN COSTUME AND WITH A PACKAGE UNDER HIS ARM...

68.

ONCE AGAIN WITHIN THE CHAIN GANG QUARTERS, SUPERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS . . .

THESE PICTURES OF THE STOCKS CAN BE ACCOMPANIED BY A CAPTION REFERRING BACK TO PURITAN ATROCITIES!

69.

JUST AS SUPERMAN IS SNAPPING A SWEATBOX . . .

OH-OH! -- SOMEONE COMING! PROBABLY A GUARD!

FROM CONCEALMENT, HE OBSERVES . . .

IT'S AN ESCAPING PRISONER: CRANE!

71.

AS CRANE MOUNTS THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE, A GUARD SIGHTS HIM . . . FIRES . . .

GET DOWN FROM THERE!

72.

STRUCK, CRANE HURTLES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE FENCE'S OTHER SIDE

73.

NEXT INSTANT, HOWEVER, HE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET AND DASHES FOR THE DUBIOUS SAFETY OF THE SWAMP

74.

IT'S CRANE! GET THE BLOODHOUNDS! HE WON'T ESCAPE US A SECOND TIME!

75.

WITHIN THE SWAMP, FRIGHTENED BY THE HOUNDS' BAYING AS THEY DRAW NEARER, CRANE STUMBLES INTO A QUAGMIRE

QUICKSAND! --HELP!

76.

SUPERMAN HAD HASTENED AFTER CRANE. HE NOW FINDS HIM IN A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

HELP! — HELP ME!

COMING!

7

UNHEEDING THE DANGER, SUPERMAN PLUNGES INTO THE BOG . .

GO BACK! YOU'LL DIE TOO!

KEEP CALM!

78.

SO TERRIFIC IS THE QUAGMIRE'S GRIP THAT SUPERMAN ALMOST TEARS CRANE APART IN DRAWING HIM FREE.

HE'S FAINTED!

79.

AND NOW SUPERMAN BEGINS HIS GREAT BATTLE. FORWARD HE STRUGGLES AS THE QUICKSAND SEEKS TO DRAW HIM UNDER — FORWARD — STEP BY STEP.

80.

THE QUICKSAND CLINGS TENACIOUSLY AS THO LOATH TO LOSE ITS VICTIMS, BUT THE MAN OF STEEL SUCCEEDS IN REACHING SOLID SOIL

BLOODHOUNDS!

81

AS THE FOREMOST BEAST LEAPS, SUPERMAN DUCKS

82

IT SAILS OVER HIS HEAD AND SINKS TO ITS DOOM, AMIDST FRANTIC HOWLS WITHIN THE BOG!

83.

NEXT MOMENT, SUPERMAN SPRINGS OUT OF THE REMAINING DOGS' REACH

THINGS HAVE COME TO A HEAD SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!

84.

SUPERMAN RETURNS CRANE TO THE CHAIN GANG CAMP

WILL THE SUPERINTENDENT BE SURPRISED TO FIND HIS PREY WHERE HE LEAST SUSPECTS!

SHORTLY LATER -- FROM CONCEALMENT HE PHOTOGRAPHS WYMAN FLOGGING THE FUGITIVE

I HATE TO STAND IDLY BY, BUT ITS FOR THE BEST!

THROW HIM INTO THE SWEAT-BOX! -- HIS TORTURE HAS ONLY BEGUN!

MERCY! -- GIVE ME FOOD!

HUNGRY, CRANE? STARVING? HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE SOME OF THIS FOOD? MOST PRISONERS HATE IT, BUT *YOU'D* LIKE SOME OF IT NOW, WOULDN'T YOU?

WELL, YOU CAN'T -- --AWK-K!

A HAND DESCENDS ON WYMAN'S NECK WITH AN IRON-LIKE GRIP!

HELPLESS IN *SUPERMAN'S* CLUTCH, WYMAN'S FACE IS BURIED AMIDST THE FOOD ON THE PLATE.

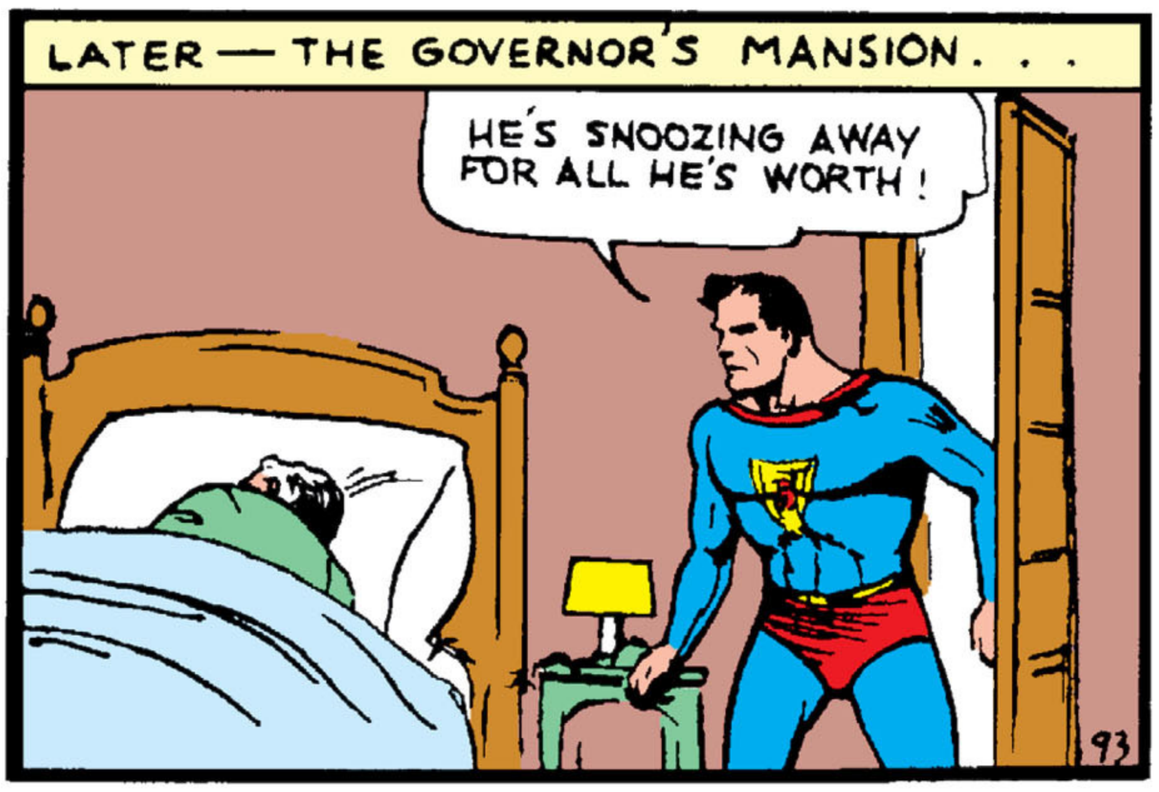
LET'S SEE HOW *YOU* LIKE THE UN-, DIGESTIBLE SLOP YOU'VE FED YOUR PRISONERS!

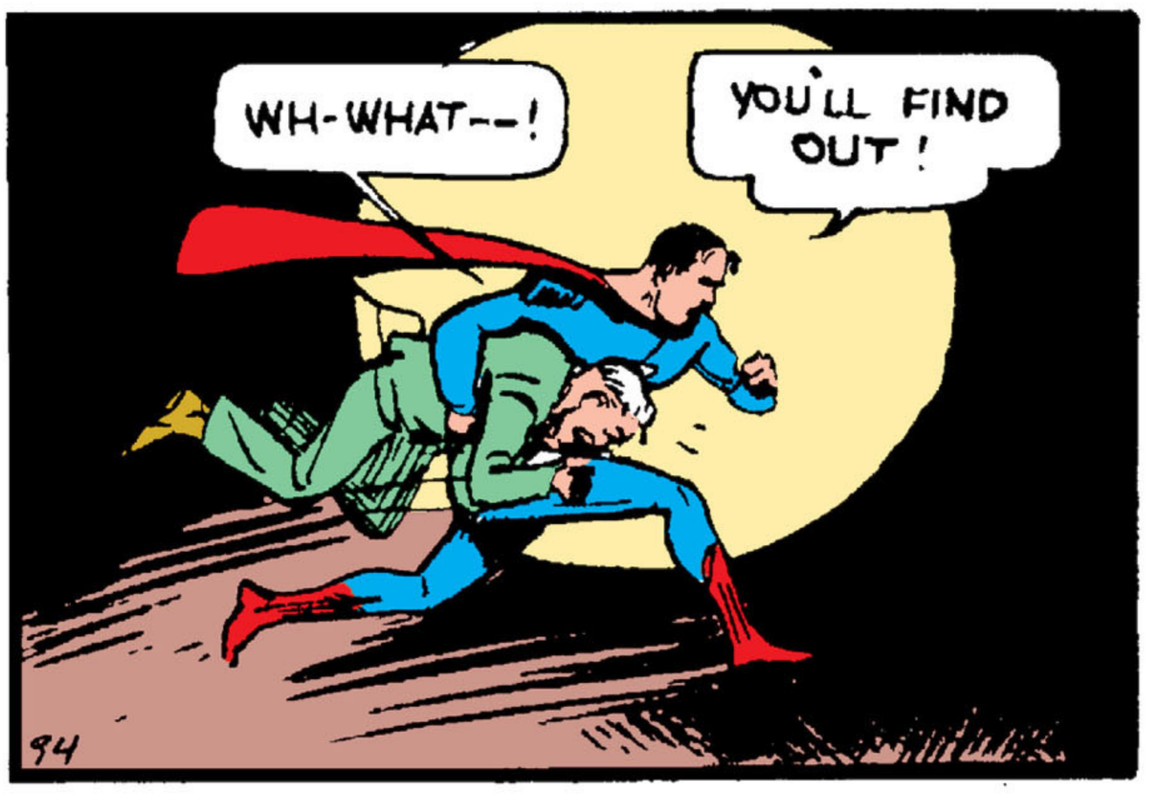
BLUB

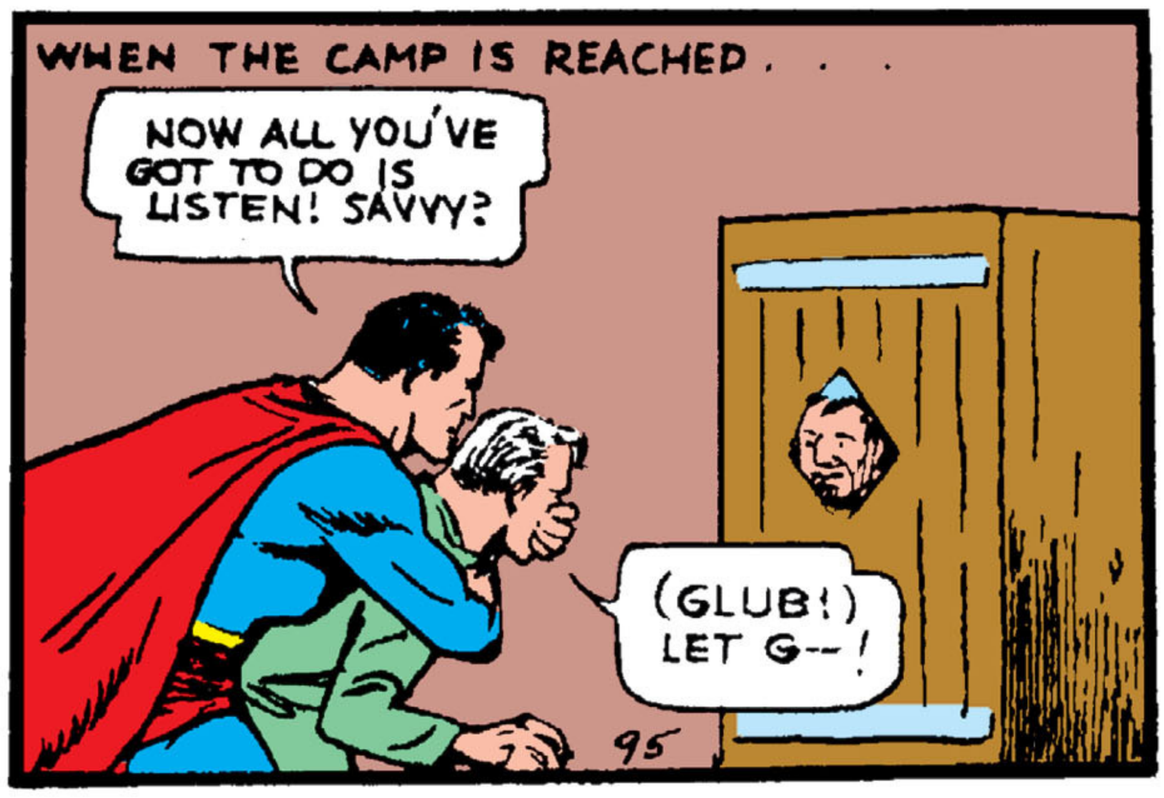
SUPERMAN REMOVES CRANE FROM THE SWEAT-BOX, SUBSTITUTES THE TERRIFIED SUPERINTENDENT IN HIS PLACE

I'VE GOT TO LEAVE YOU NOW...BUT I'LL BE BACK -- MAYBE!

NEXT INSTANT, THE MAN OF STEEL IS DASHING OFF INTO THE NIGHT, A FLEETING SHADOW UNDER THE MOON'S HAZY RAYS...

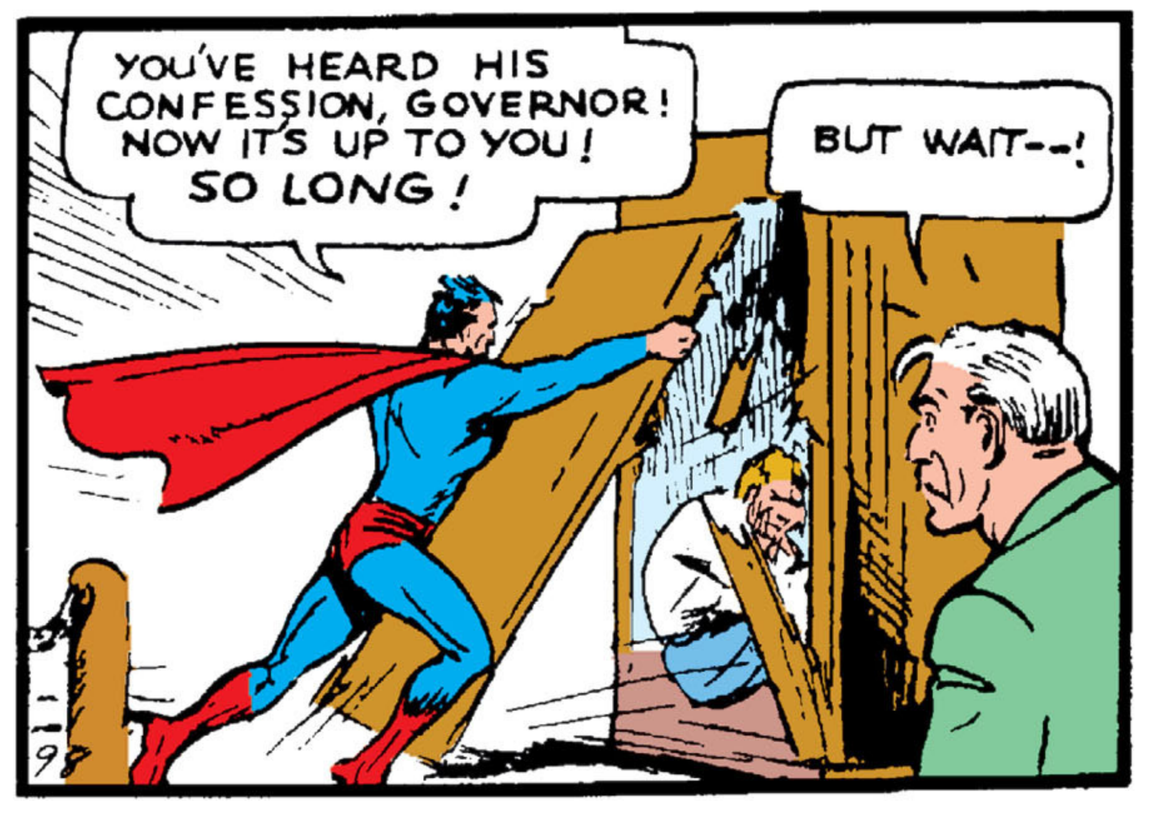

LATER — THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION . . .
HE'S SNOOZING AWAY FOR ALL HE'S WORTH!
93

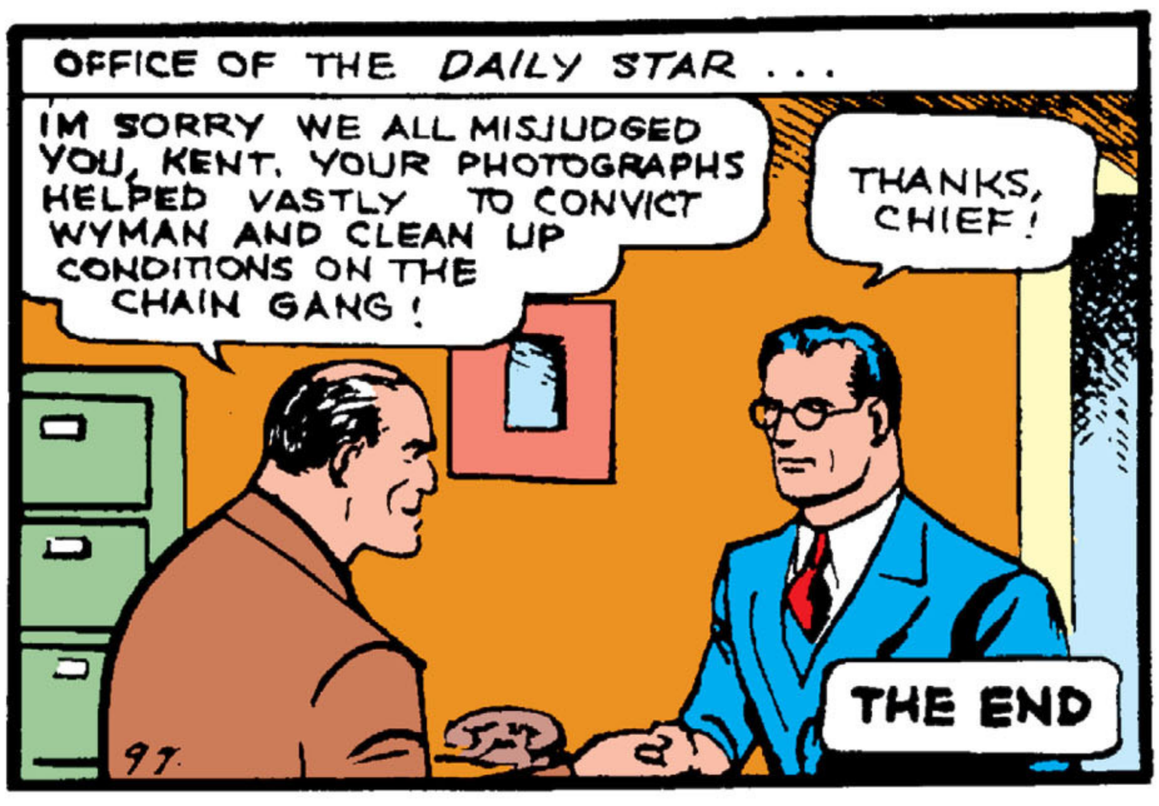

WH-WHAT--!
YOU'LL FIND OUT!
94


WHEN THE CAMP IS REACHED . . .
NOW ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS LISTEN! SAVVY?
(GLUB!) LET G--!
95

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, WYMAN! I'M GOING TO PLUG THE AIR-HOLES . . . YOU'LL SUFFOCATE AND DIE, JUST LIKE YOUR OWN VICTIMS DID!
96

NO! NO! LET ME FREE! I SWEAR I'll NEVER TORTURE THE PRISONERS AGAIN!!
97


YOU'VE HEARD HIS CONFESSION, GOVERNOR! NOW IT'S UP TO YOU! SO LONG!
BUT WAIT--!
98


OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR . . .
IM SORRY WE ALL MISJUDGED YOU, KENT. YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS HELPED VASTLY TO CONVICT WYMAN AND CLEAN UP CONDITIONS ON THE CHAIN GANG!
THANKS, CHIEF!
THE END
97

SUPERMAN
THE STRIP SENSATION OF
1939
IN EVERY ISSUE of ACTION COMICS
TELL YOUR FRIENDS!!